READINGS AND MONOLOGUES OF DISTINCTION

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FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

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GOLD MOUNTED GUNS

By

F. R. BUCKLEY

GOLD MOUNTED GUNS

Evening had fallen on Longhorn City, and already to the south an eager star was twinkling in the velvet sky, when a spare, hard-faced man slouched down the main street and selected a pony from the dozen hitched beside Tim Georgehan's general store. As he did so, a subdued voice called him by name, "Tommy." The hard-faced man made a very slight movement perfectly appraised by the other. With upraised hands, a young man moved into the zone of light that shone out through the store window. "Wait a minute. Don't shoot. I'm a friend."

For a few seconds the two men examined each other with the unwinking scrutiny of those who take chances of life and death. The hard-faced man was the first to speak.

"How did you get around to callin' me Tommy? Been askin' people in the street?"

"No, I only got into town this afternoon and I seen you ride; and the way folks backed away from you made me wonder who you was. Then I seen them gold mounted guns of your'n and of course I knew nobody ever had guns like that but Pecos Tommy."

"I want to join you. I know it sounds foolish,

but listen. Your sidekicker's in jail, and I figured I could take his place, anyway till he got out. I know I ain't got any record, but I can ride and shoot and I got a little job to bring into the firm to start with. It ain't nothin' like you go in for, as a rule, but it's a roll of cash. I only got on to it this afternoon."

"Well, what's the job?"

"If you're goin' to take me on, I can tell you as we're ridin' towards it."

The older man slipped back into its holster the gold mounted gun he had drawn, glanced piercingly at the boy whose face now showed white in the light of the rising moon. Then he turned the pony and mounted.

"Come on."

Five minutes later the two had passed the limits of the town, heading for the low range of hills which encircled it to the south and Will Arblaster had given the details of his job to the older man at his side.

"How do you know the old guy's got the money?"

"I saw him come out of the bank this afternoon and stuff it into his pants pocket. His name's Sanderson and he lives in this yer cabin about a mile ahead. Some cash, judgin' by the size of the roll. But I guess when you ask him for it, he won't mind lettin' it go."

"I ain't goin' to ask him. This is your job."

"If I do it right, will you take me along sure?"

"Yes, I'll take you along."

The two ponies rounded a shoulder of the hill. Before the riders, there loomed in the moonlight the shape of a cabin, its windows unlighted.

"He's out. But likely the money ain't."

The boy crept toward the house; the darkness swallowed him. The older man sitting on his horse heard the rap of knuckles on the door, a pause, then a moment later a crash, as the door went down. In the quiet out there in the night, the man on the horse could hear the clumping of the other's boots on the rough board floor, the scrape of a match and a cry of triumph. The boy flung himself across the short grass.

"I got it. Enough to choke a horse."

The other man leaned down and took the roll of money, struck a match and ruffled through the bills.

"Five hundred. Guess I'll carry it."

His cold blue eyes focused on the younger man's face and for a moment his hand seemed to hesitate over his pistol butt; then it moved away.

The boy was impatient. "Let's get away," but the man's hand fell heavily on his shoulder.

"Not just yet, get on yer hawse and sit still. I'd like to see what this old guy does, when he finds his wad's gone."

A moment later, they backed a foot or more into the darkness as the soft thud of horse's hoofs came toward the cabin. There were two voices, a man's and a girl's. As their words came clearly to the listeners, the man was speaking.

"You take that money, my gal, and no need to feel bad 'bout spendin' of it. Your Aunt Elviry give it to you to go to college on, if you could earn the rest, and you've slaved pretty hard for the last two year, and now yer gettin' yer reward. Where on earth did I put that key?"

There was silence while the old man searched in his pockets. Then in a moment the voice of the girl, throbbing with excitement.

"Daddy, the—the—did you leave the money in the house? Daddy, the door's broken down and—"

There was a hoarse cry, footbeats stumbled across the boards a match flared. It's pale light showed a girl standing in the doorway of the cabin, while beyond the wreckage of the door a bent figure with silver hair tottered away from the mantle shelf and sank into a chair by the fireplace, his face in his hands. The girl lit the lamp, then kneeling by her father's chair, the men watching in the darkness outside, heard her voice trembling with suppressed tears as she tried to comfort the broken hearted old man.

Willie Arblaster drew a breath through his teeth and moved uneasily in his saddle. Instantly a lean, strong hand, with a grip like steel fell on his wrist and grasped it. In the cabin the old man had risen to his feet.

'Nothin', after your two years of hard work, while some skunk drinks your money, gambles it, throws it away. Curse him! Whoever it is, curse him! Where's God's justice? What's a man goin' to believe when all our happiness today can be wiped out by a damned thief in a minute?"

Gently the girl led her old father out of the watcher's line of vision, out of the circle of the lamplight. Still with heart-rending distinctness the listeners could hear the sound of weeping.

The lean, hard-faced man chuckled to his horse and pulled the reins.

"Some circus. C'mon boy. His horse moved a few paces, but Will Arblaster did not. The lean man turned in his saddle. "Ain't you comin'?"

For ten seconds, perhaps, the boy made no answer. Then, he urged his pony forward until it stood side by side with his companion's.

"No, and I ain't goin' to take that money either. Don't know as I ever figured what this game meant. Always seemed to me that all the hardship was on the stick-up man's side. Never thought about old men cryin'. I'm goin' to take that money back. You didn't have no trouble gettin' it, so you don't lose nothin."

"Suppose I say, I won't let go of it?"

"Then I'll blow your damned head off and take it. Don't you move! I've got you covered. I'll take the money out myself."

His revolver muzzle under his companion's nose, he snapped open the pocket of the belt and extracted the roll of bills. Then, regardless of a possible shot in the back, he swung off his horse and strode into the lighted doorway of the cabin. It was fully ten minutes before Will Arblaster reappeared, and stumbled forward through the darkness to his horse.

"I'm sorry."

"I ain't. What do you think I made you stay and watch for, you young fool?"

The boy made no reply for a minute, then suddenly he drew a sharp breath and peered through the darkness at his companion. The moon had drifted from behind a cloud and flung a ray of light across the face of the lean man as he turned it, narrow-eyed toward Arblaster.

"Ain't you Pecos Tommy?"

His answer was a short laugh.

"But you got his guns, and the people in Longhorn all sort of fell back. If you ain't him, who are you?"

Why, I'm the sheriff that killed him yesterday. Let's be ridin' back."

THE SOUL OF O SANA SAN

**From "Miss Minks Soldier"*

By

ALICE HEGAN RICE

**This book contains several stories excellent for platform use.*

Courtesy of
THE CENTURY COMPANY

THE SOUL OF O SANA SAN

O Sana San was a part of the joyous world, as she flitted about the grasses, dressed in her gaily colored kimono, catching butterflies in her long net. It was in the days of the Japanese-Russian war, but the constant echo of the great conflict disturbed her no more than it did the birds overhead. Life was a very simple matter to O Sana San. She arose when the sun climbed over the mountain, bathed her face and hands in the shallow copper basin in the garden, ate her breakfast, and then tying a bit of bean cake in her gaily colored handkerchief, went pattering off to school. It was an English school and she would repeat the strange words and phrases that the kind foreign ladies taught her and puzzle out their meaning. But the sum of her lore consisted in being happy and when the purple shadows began to slip across the valley, she would dance back along the homeward way, singing with the birds, laughing with the rippling water and adding her share of brightness to the sunshine of the world.

As she stood on this particular morning with her net poised over a butterfly, she heard the tramping of many feet—a slow cavalcade was coming around the road—a long line of coolies bearing bamboo stretchers, and in the rear, in a jinrikisha, was

a foreign man with a red cross on his sleeve. O Sana San watched curiously as the men halted to rest. On the stretcher nearest her lay a young Russian prisoner with fair skin and blond hair. He lay very still. Tears formed on his lashes and trickled down onto the hard pillow. A vague trouble dawned in the breast of O Sana San. With halting steps she made her way to the foreigner with the red cross on his arm and mustering her bravest array of English, she pointed to the stretcher as she faltered out her message.

"Soldier not happy very much is. I sink soldier heart sorry."

The Red Cross orderly looked up. "He is hurt bad—no legs, no arms."

O Sana San repeated his words in puzzled incomprehension. Running back to the field, she gathered a handful of wild flowers and running to the soldier, timidly offered them to him. For a long moment she waited, then her smile faded and her hand dropped. With a child's quick sensitiveness to rebuff, she was turning away, when an exclamation recalled her. The prisoner was looking at her in a strange, distressed way, his deep-set gray eyes glanced down first at one bandaged shoulder, then at the other. A startled look of comprehension came into O Sana San's face.

"No—arms."

With a little cry of sympathy, she gently laid the flowers on his breast.

The cavalcade moved on. O Sana San stood with her little butterfly net over her shoulder and watched it with troubled eyes. A dreadful some-

thing clutched at her throat. She no longer saw the sunshine and the flowers. Kneeling by the roadside, she lifted the lid of the little basket and let a dozen captive butterflies flutter back to freedom.

O Sana San's heart had been so wrought by the sad plight of her soldier friend, that she begged to be taken to see him and to carry him flowers with her own hands. The nurses humored her childish whim, thinking each day would be the last, but as the months passed, her visits became a matter of course.

The young Russian learned to watch for her coming, as the one hour of brightness in an interminable night of gloom. Sometimes she would read him wonderful stories, which he did not understand, sometimes she would sing to him in soft strains of the beauty of the sun on the pine trees, and then sometimes she would sit on her heels, with hand folded in hand, and watch patiently for hours, alert to adjust the covers or smooth the pillow.

The wistaria hanging in feathery festoons gave way to the flaming azalea, and the lotus floated sleepily on the old castle moat. At last, after months, release was at hand for the spirit of the Russian prisoner. The sun fell in long level rays across his cot. O Sana San dropped on her knees beside him. Faintly he whispered:

"Sayonara," the Japanese word for goodbye.

O Sana San summoning all her courage to restrain her tears, whispered back, "Sayonara."

The spirit of the prisoner started forth on his final journey, but not alone—the soul of a child

Wingate College Library

went with him, leaving in it's place the tender, new born soul of a woman.

INTERPRETATION OF COMEDY

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

INTERPRETATION OF COMEDY

To define comedy is a difficult task, for, what may be the very essence of humor to one, is utterly devoid of even interest to another. The very situation which may call forth laughter today, may cause tears under different circumstances.

So, then, comedy is not an element which can be labeled and brought out at will, but rather it is like some delicate fragrance which pervades the atmosphere and is spontaneous and refreshing. The material classed under this heading, can be divided, broadly speaking, into two types. In one the lines alone cause laughter, I might almost venture to say, in spite of the reader. In the other, the laughter depends solely upon the interpretation. The first can be "put across" with comparatively little knowledge of the "how"; it's appeal is fleeting, it has for its foundation the ridiculous, and by a costume a trifle overdone, or pantomime over-emphasized, it degenerates into mere burlesque. This form of humor undoubtedly has it's place, but it is to the beautiful and true spirit of comedy, that I would direct your attention.

The interpreter stands, one might say, as high priest between the author and the audience; upon his understanding of the text, his ability to read between the lines, and breathe into the word the breath of life, depends the appreciation of the hearers. What a responsibility! How many times have you heard people say that upon reading a certain story or poem they failed to find it amusing or interesting or even understandable, until it was said aloud, when the true merit was revealed.

Everyday life furnishes the basis for all comedy and pathos. It is to this source, then, that we must turn for our understanding, our appreciation and our inspiration in the presentation of comedy. Just as a familiar melody will arouse enthusiasm in an audience, far greater, perhaps, than a wonderful aria comparatively unknown, so, little scenes from real life, presented without exaggeration, will create laughter by reason of their familiarity. The lines need not be funny in themselves, if the spirit of comedy is there. You see yourself, as it were, in a picture frame with the spot light turned on.

There is no greater subtlety in oral art than to call forth responsive laughter from legitimate comedy. What, then, are some of the means by which this end can be attained? First, a sympathetic study of human nature, thereby cultivating an appreciation and an understanding of the prides and prejudices, the foibles, vanities and mannerisms that have such a great part in everyday life and circumstance. Look for the idea back of the situation, for comedy consists mainly in the idea and not in the phrasing. Then, let the voice represent the idea as you present

your lines. In legitimate comedy, the only gestures, which are true, are those which belong naturally to the character impersonated. In direct address to the audience, the face and eyes of the speaker must always reflect the emotional response to the spirit of the lines.

Laughter is contagious, and as you respond, your audience will respond; provided, of course, that there is at least a measure of technique in your presentation.

THE GREAT DAY WHEN MATILDA VOTED

By

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Courtesy of
MRS. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
and
The Ladies' Home Journal

THE GREAT DAY WHEN MATILDA VOTED

After many years of waiting, the glad day at last had dawned, the first upon which woman suffrage had become an established fact.

Matilda, who, with a number of her sisters, had striven strenuously for the establishment of woman's suffrage, rose early and sang a happy little song under her breath as she dressed, and when she appeared at the breakfast table, there was no denying the fact that she presented a picture of radiant loveliness. Her husband watched her as she poured his coffee.

"By Jove Matilda, if I'd known the franchise was going to be so becoming, I'd have joined the ranks long ago."

"Don't be foolish, Tom."

"I'll try not to be, but it's a mighty hard stunt when I look at you, even though election day in this country is no time for foolishness. By the way, how soon will you be ready to start?"

"Start? Start where?"

"For the polls."

"Oh, don't you bother about that, my dear. You go ahead and do your own voting. I—I think I'd

rather go alone. Now that we women have got our rights at last, we must show that we know how to exercise them independently, and I don't propose to have anybody think that my vote has been influenced or cast under the supervision of my husband."

"All right. It's your affair, my dear, but you know there are rather rough people at the polls sometimes, and I thought it might be easier for you—"

"I don't want it made easier Tom. I believe in starting right, and if the right carries with it inconveniences, I have a right to them. So don't worry about me, I know how to take care of myself. Run along and cast your vote like a good little boy. Will you be home for luncheon?"

"No, I have a foursome on at the Ravendale links today and I'd like to get an early start. You don't mind do you?"

"Not in the least, my dear. I should consider I'd made a false start, if, now that I've come into my own, my first act were one of interference with you and your ways."

"It hasn't spoiled you in the least little bit Sweetheart—Now you know dear—"

"Please don't, Tom. This is a matter in which a woman should act upon her own responsibility."

"I wasn't going to advise you about your vote Matilda. I merely wished to tell you that I think you ought to arrange to have the servants vote at times convenient to you. There is no use for Bridget and Nora and Mary all to be off at the same time you know."

"I have attended to that already. Cook is to vote at nine, Mary at ten, and Nora at eleven."

"Fine! Well I'm off and good luck to you Madam Elector. May joy and victory await you."

"Good bye! He's a dear, even if he is a man."

Breakfast over, Matilda went to the telephone and called up her cousin Marianna, to find out what time she was going to the polls. The answer staggered her. Marianna was not going to the polls. Instead, she and her husband were going off in the motor for the day and stop at Briarcliffe for lunch. Matilda hung up the receiver, her cheeks mantled with shame. The idea that her own cousin should so vain-gloriously desert her rights at the psychological moment, was infinitely depressing, so she ran over to Mrs. Henderson DePell across the way, to find out what time she would vote.

"My dear child, I voted hours ago. I sat up all night and was the second person in the district to cast the ballot. I was in line forty minutes before the doors were opened."

"You are a woman after my own heart. What did you wear?"

"My brown broadcloth and my sables. It was very cold at five o'clock this morning you know. It has moderated since though. I'd go in something simple if I were you Mattie, the voting places are not the cleanest spots in the world, and Mattie—"

"Yes?"

"Better wear a small hat. I couldn't get mine in through the booth door without taking it off and I had a perfectly terrible time getting it on again. They haven't any maids there to wait on you, you

know, and the only mirror anyone knew anything about was in a little saloon around the corner. I looked like a fright coming home, but none of my friends were up yet, so it didn't make so much difference."

"Thanks for the suggestion, and how do you feel after your strenuous experience?"

"Oh, a little nervous naturally. It is rather a complicated arrangement you know, picking out all those you want to vote against. But I put a good black mark against the name of every one of them. I'm not sure whether I got it right or wrong, but I do know one thing, I voted! that's enough for me."

After a little further conversation, the call was over and after her luncheon, Matilda retired to her own room to dress for the great function. A prettier figure than herself, as she tripped down the steps would be hard to find, and it was no wonder that when she came to the little cigar shop on the avenue, where the polls were located, every one watched her with admiring interest. It was with difficulty that she held her nervous emotions in restraint as she entered the door, but she was soon reassured by the courtesy of every one there. Even the big politician with the jet black mustache and a half inch cigar stub stuck between his teeth, removed his hat and put the cigar carefully in his vest pocket as she came in.

"Name please, Madam."

"Mrs. Jimmerson—Matilda Babette Jimmerson—No. 39 East 99th St."

"Ballot No. 493," and the custodian of blank ballots handed her a sheet upon which were printed in

appalling array, the names of the various candidates of the many parties. Matilda Babette looked at the huge expanse of paper and her heart sank into her shoes.

"Wh—what am I to do with this?"

"Mark it."

Matilda looked helplessly about her. Suddenly her eye was attracted by a bit of color, in the form of a pink ballot. This was a distinct comfort.

"I think if you don't mind, I'd rather have a pink one. Pink is my favorite color you know."

"Certainly Madam. But you can't vote on a pink ballot you know. They are only specimen sheets, printed for the instruction of voters, who do not know exactly how to prepare their ballots. It tells you how to mark and fold the ticket."

"Oh, that's just what I've been looking for. Thank you so much. I'll take it home with me and study the thing out. I'll be back in a little while."

"That's what they are here for Madam. There's been a great run on 'em today. They made a great hit with all the ladies."

So Matilda took her pink ballot and went home to figure out her plan of operations. She read over the instructions half a dozen times, but somehow the exact import of the rules seemed to elude her and finally in desperation she called in Bridget, and Nora, and Mary, only to discover that their opinions were so at variance that she was more at sea than ever. Nora said it should be marked in one place, Mary in another and Bridget said she hadn't the heart to vote against anybody, so she put a black mark in every circle on the sheet.

"Well I'm sure I don't know what to do. I almost wish I'd asked Mr. Jimmerson's advice before he left."

"If ye don't mind the suggestion Ma'am, me cousin Mike is on the force and he knows all about it. He marked moine last night and I know he'd be glad to mark yours if ye'd ask him. He's on ez beat now, over by Fifth Avenue, only tree blocks away."

"That's a perfectly splendid idea Nora. I know Michael very well and after all it's a policeman's duty to give all the information he can to the public."

Mrs. Jimmerson walked up the street to a point where Michael, many years ago her father's coachman, but now an imposing member of the traffic squad was on duty at that time of day.

"Michael, will you please tell me how to mark my ballot? Mr. Jimmerson is away today and—

"Why sure Miss Mattie—Ye put a little X mark in the circle over the names of the candydates ye want to vote for. D'ye want to vote a straight ticket Miss Mattie?"

"Michael! You don't think I'd vote a crooked ticket do you?"

"That I don't! Oi thought maby ye wanted to split the ticket—most beginners does."

"No. I want my ticket to go with all the force of its united strength."

"Thin all ye have to do, is to put your X mark in the circle over the names ye want to vote for. Are ye a democrat or a republican, Miss Mattie?"

"Mercy—do I have to decide that now, Michael?"

"Oi don't see how ye can vote unless ye know that—unless ye want to vote prohibition."

"Do you think my vote would count, Michael, if I voted prohibition?"

"It might—if it was counted. But there is one thing you're sure of. Ye know before the returns come in that you're party's licked."

"Oh, but I want to win, Michael."

"Sure ye do—and it's easy."

He took the pencil from her hand and put a black mark through the democratic emblem.

"There if ye vote like that, ye can't help winnin."

You're sure this is right Michael? You know that I trust you."

"On me honor as a policeman Miss Mattie. That ticket has not been known to loose in this ward for seventy-five years."

"I thank you Michael very much indeed. All I have to do then, is to put this in the box."

"No, ye put the white wan in the box, but ye must mark it exactly as I've marked this, and thin ye'll have done a good day's work."

Matilda folded up her ballot and with a happy smile returned to the cigar shop.

"I'm ready to vote now—where is the box?"

"I'm very sorry Madam, but the polls closed ten minutes ago."

That night as Matilda and her husband sat down to dinner, Mr. Jimmerson said, "Well my dear, did you go to the polls?"

"Yes, dear."

"And did you have a good time?"

"Good time? Why no—I didn't go for a good time. I had a very instructive time."

"And whom did you vote for?"

"My dear, you should familiarize yourself with the laws of your country. The law distinctly says that the ballot shall be secret, and I for one do not intend to begin my political career by violating the law. I shall not tell you whom I voted for."

And she never did.

CINDERELLA DYES THEM BLACK

By

FANNY KILBOURNE

Courtesy of
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

CINDERELLA DYES THEM BLACK

On the important day that Phyllis Barr met Channing Allen, she was dressed in her Aunt Elinor's clothes—Aunt Elinor being out of town and her mother out calling. Phyllis had walked down to prove to her friend Helen Sawyer that, if she were dressed right, she could look practically as old as Aunt Elinor, who was twenty-two. It was on her way back that she met Channing Allen. He was visiting his sister Mrs. Price, on his way back to the university. Mrs. Price, who did not know Phyllis very well, made the mistake of introducing her as her Aunt Elinor. Phyllis knew that she must look every day of twenty and with the confidence which that thought gave her, she joined in the conversation about the dancing club just as though she belonged to it. Mr. Allen was noticing her in that certain way that every girl knows, and she suddenly had a warm, twittery feeling and walking seemed queer and light. As they reached the house, he asked if he might call for her for the dance Wednesday night. Recklessly, Phyllis gave him permission.

Her mother scarcely ever let her go anywhere on a school night, but finally said she could go in order to use Aunt Elinor's ticket.

After Phyllis was in bed that night, the great idea came to her, why couldn't she borrow a dress and slippers of Aunt Elinor? Her mother would be at the vestrymen's dinner at the church that night, and no one would be home while she was dressing. She snatched up her bathrobe and tiptoed into Aunt Elinor's room to see what clothes she had left. Her closet was almost empty but back in one corner hung her black party dress, but on the shelf, only a pair of old, pink kid slippers. What good was a party dress without slippers? Then like a flash, she recalled a sign she had seen in the shoemakers: "Shoes Dyed Black", so she looked at the slippers with a new eye. They had French heels, pointed toes and little rhinestone buckles. On her way to school next morning she stopped at the shoemakers.

"Oh, Mr. Prouty, could you dye these slippers before tomorrow night?—Three days?—Oh, couldn't you do it just this once as a special favor—PLEASE! I've simply got to have them."

When Phyllis called for the slippers the next evening, they still smelled a little of the dye, but Mr. Prouty said that would wear off by evening.)

Phyllis looked tall and willowy and beautiful in the black party dress, and lovely as the upper part looked, her feet were the climax. They were slim and small and the little rhinestone buckles winked and twinkled in the light.

Phyllis and Channing Allen danced, but all she remembered was the touch of his arm about her as they seemed to float around the room. When the music stopped they walked toward a bench in one

corner and Phyllis knew that several pairs of disapproving eyes were looking at her and planning to speak to her mother tomorrow about her dress. Presently, as they sat there Phyllis smelled something, a strange, half familiar smell like a stove when you build fire in it the first time after it's been polished. Such a queer smell to notice in a ballroom. She leaned forward, sniffing in a perplexed fashion, when the sudden truth hit her with a sickening thud.

It was her slippers she was smelling!

Nervously Phyllis edged along toward the other end of the bench and twisted her feet around so they were as far away from Mr. Allen as possible. The smell seemed to be getting worse every minute and altho Phyllis tried frantically, she could not keep her mind on anything her companion was saying. After their next dance she could see by his manner that he was noticing the smell too, for once he leaned over and looked at the slippers and once he sneezed. Long, awkward pauses came, the room grew warmer and warmer, and when a couple near Phyllis moved, she felt that perhaps they could not bear it any longer. Her next four dances were with older married men, so she hurried away to the little room back of the musicians' platform to be by herself.

There was one high window and Phyllis suddenly had an inspiration; perhaps she could air her slippers. She dragged a chair across the room, stood up on it and put the terrible slippers on the sill. Her next dance with Channing Allen was to be a moonlight waltz, but you couldn't enjoy a waltz with your partner smelling your slippers.

When the first faint notes of the music sounded she climbed up on the chair and lifted one slipper to her nose. It still smelled. The chair wiggled a little. She caught at the window sill to steady herself and her fan knocked against the other slipper. It tipped, and slid, and went off the edge of the sill outside!

Phyllis sat down and cried.

"Miss Barr—Miss Barr."

"Y-yes."

"What are you doing in here—this dance, it was ours."

"I—I didn't feel like dancing it," and she drew her stocking foot under her.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I know I've been boring you stiff."

"Oh, no, please; you don't understand. I wasn't bored. I wanted to dance that moonlight waltz—"

"Then why did you run off here and hide?"

"I can't dance. My—slipper has fallen out of the window. I put it on the sill to—to air it. It—it smelled!"

"Your slipper?"

"Yes, they'd been dyed. You smelled them; everybody smelled them. I couldn't stand it any longer." She held the remaining slipper toward him.

"Why they do smell a little don't they. I hadn't noticed it. I thought the slippers were peacherinos."

"Oh, you must have noticed the smell or else what made you act so strangely?"

"I did the best I could after you stopped talking to me and didn't pay any attention to what I said. I must look pretty green to you. But I hadn't any

idea you were so old that day on the street. And I—well I fell for you so hard it shook the pavement. I don't blame you a bit, you know, for being bored, I couldn't expect you to stick out a nineteen year old kid."

"I wasn't bored. I was worrying about my slippers. How old did you think I was?"

"Well—this'll hand you an awful laugh—but I thought you were younger than I."

"I am. I'm only sixteen, and I go to high school, and I don't belong to this club and I have on my aunt's clothes and I don't think you're green. I think you're wonderful."

"Honestly, do you—do you like me?"

"I—I, yes. I fell for you, too."

"Say I'm going to stay over until Saturday. I'm coming up at Christmas for my whole vacation. We'll do something together every minute. And I can come up at Easter, too—but I'm a dandy. Where do you suppose that slipper fell to? Is there a back way I can get down?"

Left alone, Phyllis looked down at her black dress and somewhere under the jet trimming she felt again the warm, twittery feeling.

When Channing came back with the slipper, he told her there was a peach of a bunch on the back stairs eating sugared doughnuts and pie and he added, "Aren't you hungry?"

"Pie—did you say pie? Let's go."

MRS. CARTER AS FATE

From "Much Ado About Peter"

By

JEAN WEBSTER

Courtesy of
CENTURY COMPANY

MRS. CARTER AS FATE

Peter Malone was the upper groom at the Jerome B. Carter stables at Willowbrook, the Carter country seat. From the night in the spring, when he had been sent to the station to meet the eight fifteen train from the city and bring out Annie, the new maid, until now, the ending of summer, the course of affairs between them was a matter of interested comment among the other servants.

The two were standing on the back veranda one moonlight night and Annie was engaged in pointing out to Peter the lady in the moon. In her zeal in the cause of astronomy, Annie unwarily bent her head too near and Peter kissed her. She slapped him smartly, as a well brought up young woman should, and fled into the house before he could catch her. Peter, strong in his new found courage, waited about in the hope that she would reappear; but she did not, and he finally took himself off to his room, where he sat for two hours gazing out at the moonlight before he remembered that it was time to go to bed. The slap had hurt neither him nor his feelings, he liked her the better for it, and she wasn't really mad he reflected happily, for she had laughed as she banged the door in his face.

The next morning Peter went about his work with a singing heart, but Mrs. Carter sent for him and he started for the house at exactly the wrong moment for his future peace of mind. He arrived at the kitchen door just in time to see the man from the grocery put his packages on the table and his arms around Annie and kiss her with a smack that resounded through the room. Annie turned with a startled cry, and as her gaze fell upon Peter, her face paled before the look in his eyes. His lips were white, his fists clenched and there was murder in his heart for the grocer's man.

Annie passed a miserable day. In vain she tried to get a word with Peter; he was not to be seen. That evening she put on her prettiest frock and sat for two hours on the top step of the back veranda, then she went to bed and cried. Had she but known it, Peter was in a vacant lot, blissfully remodeling the features of the grocer's man.

The next morning Annie swallowed her pride and went to the stables in the hope of seeing Peter alone. He was listlessly currying one of the horses when he saw Annie leave the house and come slowly down the walk toward the stables. His heart suddenly leaped to his mouth, but a moment later he was bending over the horse with his back to the door, whistling as merrily as if he hadn't a care in the world. He heard Annie's hesitating step on the threshold and he whistled louder.

"Pete, I'm waitin' to speak to you, if ye're not busy."

"Aw but I'm busy."

Annie waited patiently, struggling between a sense of pride which urged her to go back to the house and never speak to Peter again, and a sense of shame, which told her she owed him an explanation.

"Pete, I wanted to be tellin' ye that it wasn't my fault. He—he niver kissed me before, and I didn't know he was goin' to."

"Ye needn't be apologizin' to me. I ain't interested in yer amoors. If yer wants to be apologizin' to anyone go an' do it to his wife."

"His wife?"

"Aye, his wife an' his three children."

"I didn't know he was married. But it's no difference for it weren't my fault. I niver acted a bit nicer to him than I did to any other man, an' that's the truth."

"Oh, yer a lovely girl, ye are. Flirtin' around with other women's husbands, an' lettin' every fool that comes along kiss ye if he wants to."

"Ye needn't talk, ye did it yerself, an' ye're no better than the grocer man."

"An' do ye think I'd a-done it if I hadn't knowed ye was willin'?"

Annie looked at him with flushed face and blazing eyes.

"Peter Malone, I came here to 'pologize 'cause without meanin' any harm, I thought as I'd hurt yer feelin's and was owin' you an explanation. I never had anything to do with the grocer's man, nor any other man, an' ye know it's true as yer standin' there. Instead of acceptin' my apology like a gentleman would, ye insult me worse than anybody iver

done in the whole of me life, an' I'll niver speak to ye again as long as I live."

She turned and walked back to the house. Peter stood watching her go. Suddenly a lump rose in his throat and he leaned his head against his horse's neck. "Lord, what have I done?"

The week which followed was one of outward indifference, but inward misery to both. Annie mourned when alone, but under the eyes of the stable, she flirted, without conscience, with one of the painters engaged to work upon the house. Peter watched her with a heavy heart. He made one awkward attempt at reconciliation but was spurned, whereupon he plunged into a reckless flirtation with Mary, the up-stairs girl, who was fat and thirty-five.

It was six days since the grocery man's historic visit, and the war clouds showed no sign of lifting. There was a houseful of guests at Willowbrook and plenty of work to be done. Annie sat at the kitchen table polishing the silver, when Mrs. Carter entered to give orders for the day. She spoke to the cook.

"We have decided to have a picnic supper at the beach to-night Nora, and so you will not have to get dinner for anyone but Mr. Carter. I'm sorry that it happens on your afternoon out, Annie, but I shall need you at the picnic to help about the serving."

"Certainly ma'am. I don't care about goin' out anyway."

"We shall start early in the afternoon, but I want you to wait and help Nora with the sandwiches and then Peter can drive you out."

"Please ma'am—that is I'm afraid if yer after wantin' coffee I can't make it right. I'm niver sure

of me coffee two times runnin'. If you could take Nora instead o' me ma'am, I could just be gettin' the lovely dinner for Mr. Carter when he comes."

"Why Annie you've always made excellent coffee before and Nora doesn't wait on the table. Is it because you want to go out this afternoon? I'm sorry, but you will have to wait until Miss Ethel's guests have gone."

"No ma'am, I'm not wantin' the afternoon—only—will you give Peter the order ma'am? If I tell him, he's likely to be late."

Mrs. Carter passed out of the kitchen door and crossed the lawn toward the stables. As she drew near the door, Peter respectfully touched his cap and the head groom came forward and stood at attention.

"Joe, we are going to have a picnic at the beach this afternoon, and want you to have the horses ready at three o'clock. Miss Ethel, Mr. Lane and Master Bobby will ride; the rest of us will motor. And Peter, I want you to bring out the supper, with Trixy, and the dog cart at five o'clock. Be sure to be on time. Stop at the kitchen for Annie and the hampers promptly at five."

Peter's mouth drew into a straight line and his face darkened. However, at five o'clock, in spotless top hat and shining boots, he drew up before the kitchen door, and piled the hampers and pails he found on the back veranda, onto the seat beside him, then climbed to the box and made a feint of starting. Nora called to him from the kitchen window, "Peter where yer goin'? Wait for Annie. Did you think ye was to cook the supper yerself?"

"I didn't think nothin'. Me orders was to stop for the lunch at five o'clock an' I done it. If she wants to come along she'll have to sit on the back seat. I ain't going to change these baskets again."

Annie appeared at the doorway in time to hear this ungracious speech; she clambered up to the somewhat uncomfortable footman's seat in silence and the two drove back to back as stiff as ramrods. The cart rolled along over smooth roads, past country clubs and summer cottages and the only sign either of the two gave of being alive was an occasional vicious crack of the whip from Peter.

The beach was five miles away and the drive was passed in tumultuous silence. When the cart arrived it was welcomed by the joyful shouts of hungry picnickers. Annie caught a glimpse on the edge of the group of Miss Ethel in another new dress, with Mr. Lane on one side of her and Mr. Harry Jasper on the other, and she had an unhappy sense that the blessings of this world in the shape of dresses and men, are unevenly distributed.

Mrs. Carter directed Peter to help about the supper and Annie ordered, "Get a pile of driftwood and fix a place for a fire."

He returned presently with an armful of sticks. "Them are too big, get some little pieces and be quick about it, yer too slow." He looked mutinous, but the eyes of Mrs. Carter were upon him and he obeyed. Then at Annie's command he built the fire and held the coffee-pot to keep it steady. He burnt his hands and swore softly and Annie laughed.

Mrs. Carter, recalling her duties as hostess, hur-

ried away and left Annie to superintend the remainder alone.

"Here Peter, I want ye to open these cans o' sardines."

Peter looked after the retreating figure of Mrs. Carter and took from his pocket a cigarette and leisurely regarded it.

"I want these cans opened. I'll tell Mrs. Carter if you don't."

Peter lighted his cigarette, threw himself on the grass and looked dreamily off toward the ocean. Annie saw that her brief dominion was over. She picked up the can opener and jabbed it viciously into the tin. It slipped and cut an ugly gash in her finger. It was Peter's turn to laugh.

The two served the supper in the same grim silence behind the scenes that they exhibited before the guests, and when it was over Mrs. Carter reappeared.

"Your coffee was excellent Annie and you and Peter served very nicely indeed. Now instead of going home, please wait and serve some lemonade later in the evening. It will be a beautiful night, and you and Peter can stay and enjoy yourselves."

At this news, Peter strolled off and Annie sat down by her baskets to wait. A big red moon was rising over the water and a bright fire was crackling on the beach. The sound of singing was mingled with the beating of the surf. Annie was beginning to feel very lonely. She strolled up the beach, away from the camp fire and the singers, and sat down in the shadow of a sand dune. The first thing she knew,

she had buried her head in her arms and was crying to herself.

Presently, in the midst of her misery, she felt that someone was standing over her, and that that someone was Peter. Peter it was, and a mighty struggle was going on within his breast, but love is stronger than pride and he bent over and touched her shoulder gently.

"Annie—Annie darlin' don't be cryin'. Is it yer finger that's hurtin ye?"

"It's not me finger; it's me feelin's—but they're not hurtin' any more," she added as Peter's arms tightened around her.

"Gee, I've been spendin' the week in hell, thinkin' ye didn't care nothin' fer me."

"So uv I. I was wishin' a while ago that I was Miss Ethel cause she has everything she wants, but I don't wish it any more cause she hasn't got you, Petey."

The two were quiet suddenly as they recognized Miss Ethel and Mr. Harry coming toward them hand in hand. When they saw Annie and Peter, Miss Ethel ran forward with a conscious little laugh.

Annie, you shall be the first to congratulate me, I'm engaged."

"Sure I'm engaged meself ma'am," and Miss Ethel put her arms around Annie and kissed her.

The two men stood eyeing each other awkwardly for a moment, then they reached across the gulf that separated them and shook hands; not as gentleman and groom, but as man and man.

BETSEY

By

W. DAYTON WEGEFARTH

Courtesy of

GEORGE W. JACOBS AND CO.

BETSEY

She isn't a car with a pedigree, and she's old, very
old indeed,
Her lines are low and her speed is slow, a sort of
"has-been" steed;
I've had her repainted, renickled too, but she still
looks about the same,
She runs at times, and her springs chime, and
Betsey's her christain name.

She sputters and sulks, she kicks and bucks, and
she has a consumptive cough,
She often backs on the street car tracks and the cop
has to push her off;
She goes like the wind on a long down grade and
coasts like a gull at sea.
We're Jack and Jill and we love our hill, but down
it must always be.

So I search for the roads that are smooth and
straight and I skirt all the hills and dales,
I never roam far from home, for somehow my
courage fails;
I live in the clouds when I journey forth, tho the
clouds are another's dust,
But I grip my wheel with a Spartan zeal and say,
"In the Lord I trust."

And often, how often, they've towed me home at the
cost of five or ten.
I dream of the day of the one horse shay, and
wish I'd been living then;
And oh the abuse I've had to bear, when we'd
block up a road or pass,
They'd howl and groan, "Get the ether cone." But
I knew she wanted gas.

And yet with it all, she's a good old friend, tho I
know that the day is near,
When death will steal into each slow wheel and into
the running-gear;
But this I do swear! She shall rust in peace, with
no eyes but mine to see,
I've suffered much from her friction-clutch but she's
been a loyal bus to me.

MANAGING MARJORY

From "The Hickory Limb"

By

PARKER FILLMORE

Courtesy of
HARCOURT BRACE & CO.

MANAGING MARJORY

Gladys Bailey had a parasol in one hand and a card case in the other. From her own wide experience in social usage, she was going to initiate the twins into the mystery of formal calls. She had told them earlier in the day that they might bring their younger sister, but later reflection decided her to withdraw this permission.

"Four are too many to go calling, and besides Marjory is too little for our crowd, and then it would be three from one family. We better start before she comes down."

Thereupon all three cautiously tiptoed off the porch and down the lawn. But before they reached the street Marjory was after them.

"Wait a minute Kathrine—wait Alice!"

"You can't come with us Marjory."

"Why Kathrine, you promised I could—I bet I know what's the matter; that old Gladys Bailey doesn't want me. But I'm going anyhow. I don't care what she says, I'm going!"

"Marjory keep still."

But Marjory would not keep still. At that moment she was remembering against Gladys many a former indignity, and she pushed and kicked and shook the

gate. Just here, however, a voice from an upper window was heard.

"Marjory Blair, stop that noise this instant. Aren't you ashamed. Stop it this instant."

Marjory, knowing from experience the futility of argument, kept an outward silence while the girls started off, but every outraged feeling clamored for revenge. As she thought it over, however, she seemed utterly powerless, for there was nothing belonging to those young persons which she could smash, hide, or appropriate. A feeling of loneliness began to creep over her and the limitless expanse of an idle afternoon stretched out like a desert.

Henry had gone fishing, and Willie Jones—with that name came a dazzling thought, and Marjory danced out the front gate and up the street, her heart thumping fast in exultation.

Her road lay toward the open country, and having left all lines of houses behind, she crawled under a wire fence and up the grass knoll just ahead. From there she looked down to a tiny pond where five little boys were playing and splashing. The minute they spied Marjory they sank to their chins in the muddy water.

"Go way from here—go way from here—we're swimmin'."

With considerable trepidation, but with outward calm, Marjory descended toward them.

"Go way from here—you're a girl."

"Is that so?—I'm a girl am I? So glad to hear it."

Marjory sat down near the water's edge and gazed defiantly at the little boys who were clustered at the

far end of the pond. For a few seconds there was silence, then Willie Jones attempted a plea and a protest.

"Well?"—Willie Jones desisted. Freddy Larkin was the next spokesman.

"Mardthery—dare you to come in thwimmin'."

"Huh! You think I'm afraid, don't you?—Well I ain't."

She pulled off her shoes, rolled down her white stockings, and deliberately began unbuttoning the back of her dress. For the boys this was most disconcerting. Not for a moment did they really want her to accept their dare. The proprieties would not be utterly demolished if Marjory would only treat as a bathing suit her little undervest and bloomers; but Marjory had no idea of doing this.

"Marjory!"

"Willie Jones you shut up. Just cause you live near us, you needn't think you're my brother."

Marjory lost no time entering the water. She propelled herself forward with her hands slowly and cautiously, and in spite of themselves, the boys were beginning to feel admiration for her pluck. Astonishing as it was to see a girl coolly strip and come in swimming quite as if she were a boy, yet there was no reason to stand all day like a stick in the mud, when one might as well have a good time, and Marjory who had nothing to do but gently bounce with the slight lap, lap of the water, watched with envy the animated beginnings of a splash fight. She added her shouts to theirs, and longed to add her splashes likewise and when Eddie Grot let fly two slimy handsfull of mud, which caught Marjory

on her head and splattered over her face and ears, there was an indignant shout.

"Aw, see what you done, Eddie Grot? You went and throwed mud on Marjory's hair ribbon! Ain't you got no sense?"

Only for a moment was Marjory concerned, then it suddenly flashed upon her that now was the time to gratify her soul, so before Eddie Grot had time to close his astonished mouth, she filled it with a mighty splash of water, and while Eddie choked and sputtered, too surprised to defend himself, she sent one well aimed splash after another, driving him on toward the shore.

In their ecstasy at the spectacle, the boys leaped up and down. "Hurrah for Majory."

"Give it to him, Marjory!"

"Chase him out!"

"Oh, Eddie Grot, ain't you ashamed!"

"I give up—I give up," and Marjory who knew the practice of modern warfare, ceased fire and slowly backed away.

Freddy Larkin called out, "What's the matter with Marjory?"

"She's all right!"

"Who's all right?"

"Marjory!"

And while Marjory's heart was still glowing with the thought of having made good, the voice of judgment trumpeted sharply from the shore and six little heads gazed in speechless dismay at the knoll. There stood Henry!

"Marjory—Marjory Blair, you come right out of that pond!"

Marjory meekly obeyed and Henry pushed her roughly toward her pile of clothes. He made a screen of his body between her and the five pairs of eyes that were bobbing about in the water.

"Now dress."

"Aint got nothin' to wipe with."

Henry went through all his pockets and finally pulled out a small, soiled handerchief and handed it over his shoulder. The voice of Charlie Burns floated over the water.

"Say Henry, lend me that towel when Marjory's through with it?"

"I'll punch your head when I ketch you, that's what I'll do to you."

"I can't get my stockin's on."

"Pull 'em on."

"I can't button my dress."

"You got to."

"But I tell you I can't. It buttons behind."

Henry, slowly and with utmost dignity turned round. He made rather a poor job of the buttons and as soon as the back of the dress promised to hold together Henry faced the boys again, for the moment had come for him to speak, and he would do his best to hush up the scandal.

"See here you kids if any of you blab about this, I'll give you such a smashin'!!!

Henry paused a moment for the meaning to sink in, then started up the knoll, dragging Marjory after him.

THE HEART THAT UNDERSTANDS

By

EDITH BERNARD DELANO

Courtesy of
EDITH BERNARD DELANO
and
Ladies' Home Journal

THE HEART THAT UNDERSTANDS

This cutting must not be used on a program for which admission is charged.

Anna Isabella Waring was thirteen and quite tall for her age. This afternoon she had spent two hours before the mirror in her room doing things to her hair, and when she went down stairs she stood before the long mirror in the drawing room and looked at herself again. She bowed and nodded and stepped daintily about, gently waving her mother's fan which she found lying on the sofa. The smiling face of the Mona Lisa engraving on the opposite wall seemed to have a special meaning for her today. She returned to the mirror taking a small chair with her, murmuring as she sat down, "you understand so many things when you're grown up". An imaginary cavalier approached; she languidly waved the fan and looked up at him.

"Yes, it is hot—I mean warm, awfully warm. Ah, yes thank you, I think I will. It would be nice to have an ice. Why that's poetry. 'It would be nice to have an ice.' Mercy I didn't know I was a poet."

She laid the fan aside and went into the hall. There was so much in the world to think about—

poetry and—wonderful things. She stood looking dreamily through the open doorway across the lawn and the brilliant flowers, but seeing them not, for her soul was filled with romance. Presently however she became conscious of the voices of her sister Adelaide, and Jane Prentice, floating in from where they sat on the porch swing. She knew better than to go out there with her hair put up. She didn't like Jane at all and Adelaide with her grown up air made her weary. Jane was saying, "Oh he dances like a dream—and he talks so—well so seriously. You know what I mean. And last night he pointed out all the stars. He knew them by name my dear, by name."

To which Adelaide replied, "Well I don't like them too serious. The other one, that Mr. Manning, has perfectly wonderful eyes."

"He's so fat."

"Oh my dear, I don't call it fat. Heavy—yes. But he has to be, he's on the football team. He's going to play on the 'varsity next year. Wouldn't you just love to go to the game?"

But Jane thought of something more thrilling than the game. "I'd rather go to the 'prom'! If I could just lead a 'prom', I'd never ask another thing of life."

Anna Isabella thought this conversation terribly stupid. They were always talking about these silly boys, and what he said and what she said. Jane Prentice's detested voice broke in again. "Peg is simply crazy about Grace Henderson's cousin. She says he says the most thrilling things. And the way he looks when he says them. He told her the

other day, 'It is the heart that understands'. He couldn't have thought of a thing like that if he hadn't been a poet."

Bella's attention became fixed at once. A poet. Here was something worth while. A pause, then Jane's voice continued. "Grace is going to bring him to the club tonight, if she can possibly make him come. He hates dancing, and he's awfully old, about thirty. Anyway, I can't stand a man who isn't a good dancer. Oh my dear, Mr. Rush dances like a dre-e-am and he's so serious and so graceful and slender."

This was too much for Bella. For the moment she forgot her hair and joined in the conversation. "Tommy Rush. He's nothing but a kid. That's what he is. He is perfectly horrid."

Adelaide jumped to her feet. "Bella! Bella Waring aren't you the hateful little eavesdropper. Get right away from that door and go play. Why, what have you done to your hair? You know perfectly well Mother doesn't let you do your hair up—a child like you. Go right up stairs and take it down."

Anna Isabella walked slowly off the porch toward the edge of the lawn. Midway she turned, and imitating Jane, called, "Oh, he's a dr-re-am. A dre-rea-m. So gra-ce-ful. You just wait till I tell him. I will. I'll tell him before everybody." Then she darted off, running swiftly until she had gained the security of the woods. Then she walked slowly up the stream until she came to a poetic pile of rocks, where she seated herself. Here she dreamed on about poets and life and "the heart that under-

stands", until quite suddenly with a most startling jerk, something pulled at her hair.

"OW. OWCH. Go away, Owww."

Abruptly a man's voice exclaimed, "Oh, I say, I beg your pardon. Wait a moment. I'm most awfully sorry."

Whoever the man was he had come along the bed of the stream and had scrambled up the rocks and was trying to get that horrible thing out of her hair. At last he succeeded. Anna Isabella looked up. He was quite an old man, at least thirty, and his face looked very pink and he had on awful looking clothes but he had a friendly smile, and bowed to her as if she had been grown up.

"I can never apologize enough, but you can understand, I'm sure, I'd no way of knowing what a charming captive was waiting for my line just around the bend. The first thing I've caught today, too."

Anna Isabella touched her hair tenderly where the fish hook had caught it. She smiled up at him languidly as she had smiled at her image an hour before in the mirror. "Really I don't mind at all, but I'm sure my hair must be a sight."

"You will forgive me won't you?"

She did not know what to say, because if she forgave him he would probably walk on and it was such a romantic adventure. She had an inspiration.

"Won't you sit down and smoke?" She thought there was the slightest shade of surprise in his eyes, but he made her that wonderful bow again and asked, "May I? Will you join me?"

"No thanks, I—I scarcely ever do. I don't think it's very ladylike.

He laughed. "Why that's just the way I think about it. Now wouldn't it be strange if we should discover that we think alike about a lot of things? Affinities—that sort of thing you know."

Anna Isabella's heart skipped a beat. She did not know what a "finity" was, but it must be a wonderful thing.

"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

"Why that's poetry. I am very fond of poetry. I am very poetical myself. I started a poem this afternoon. It begins, 'It would be nice to have an ice'."

"And what is the rest of it? I am fond of poetry myself. Please repeat the rest of your poem Miss—"

"Miss Waring. My name is Isabel. That is my middle name really. My first name is—Mona. I think it sounds so Spanish, don't you?"

"It's a lovely name and how wonderfully it suits you. You will let me call you that will you not? It seems as though I had known you longer than just today."

She consented and smiled at him mysteriously with a side long glance. There had never been a moment like this. He seemed to be enjoying it too, for he laughed and his eyes twinkled pleasantly, as they sat there for half an hour longer; finally he said, "But I suppose I ought not to be keeping you here like this Mona—Mona Isabel." As they crossed the stream on the way home, he held out his

hand and she laid hers in it. It was another thrilling moment.

"I am staying in the neighborhood, I hope I shall see you again."

'I walk in the woods almost every afternoon, when I'm not at home writing poetry."

"Oh, but surely before that, because it is always possible to be called away or something—you understand, don't you?"

How she understood. This was real, this was life. It is the heart that understands and now she knew. But how was she to meet him again? She had a sudden daring inspiration. Then, "At the country club tonight."

Fortune favored her. Mother and Daddy were going to spend the evening with the Flemmings, and as a great favor, permitted Anna Isabella to go with her sister to the club, saying they would call for her on their way home. She put on the dress with longest skirt, her silk stockings and her best slippers, and put hairpins and brush into her slipper bag with a large fanshaped shell comb of her mothers and a flat, round powder puff generously daubbed with pink powder.

Fifteen minutes after the dancing had begun, Anna Isabella left the dressing room. The interval had done much for her. She paused half way on the stairway to look over the crowded floor. She did not see him. She went a step or two further down. Suppose—Then suddenly a voice that she remembered well, "Ah Mona, I was beginning to be afraid you were going to desert me. In a moment they were drifting out upon the floor. Never, never

had she danced like that before. The world was just too full to describe.

Ever so much later he said, "Where do they have things to eat around this joint? Don't you think 'It would be nice to have an ice?'"

She dimpled and thrilled. "Oh yes, I think it would. Come along, I'll show you." So she had her ice; in fact she had three and when he offered her a fourth she said languidly, "Oh no, thank you, ever so much, but I never take more than three."

'Well, I don't myself as a rule."

The evening passed. There had never been another like it in all the world, but the moment came when her mother and father stood in the doorway. Jane and Adelaide and Mrs. Henderson joined them immediately. The girls seemed very much excited and mother and daddy and Mrs. Henderson very much amused. So with as grand an air as she could assume, Bella turned to her partner.

"I'm really afraid this is our last dance. Charming evening hasn't it been?" And she took him up to be introduced.

After the formalities had been gone through with, Mrs. Henderson added, 'This is my nephew, you know, and he doesn't like us to remind him that he's a poet and a real one, but we are all too proud of him not to mention it."

At this everything that had gone before simply paled. Mona Isabel looked at Jane Prentice and Adelaide, and those girls walked off toward the dressing room.

When the goodbyes were said, he managed somehow to shake hands with her last of all. "Goodbye Mona Mona Isabel. Don't forget me."

Next morning at breakfast daddy looked over his newspaper. "Well, which of you girls made the biggest hit last night with the famous poet?"

Adelaide looked at Jane and Jane looked at Adelaide then they both looked at Bella, while Adelaide answered, "Oh, I didn't care for him at all, I don't think he's in the least attractive. He's so old. And Grace says she hopes for our sakes, we'll never have a poet for a cousin, because they're so selfish; you can't count on them at all. He left early this morning for New York to meet his fiancee. They're going to be married in a month."

Mona Isabel looked at her cereal. It was grey and the cream was all gone and the world was just like it. She wondered how they could go on talking and eating their breakfast just if nothing had happened. Then the door bell rang and Freda came in bringing a letter and a box.

"It is a special delivery ma'am for Miss Bella."

She opened the letter, read it, flushed, and tears came into her eyes almost to the point of showing. Then she opened the box. Three pounds of glorious chocolates. Mona Isabel arose in a very stately manner.

"Just let me tell you one thing Miss Adelaide Waring. You can count on poets. And they're the most unselfish people there is. And he's written me a poem and he says he hopes I'll come to his wedding."

And with her box of chocolates in one hand and her letter in the other she started to leave the room, but at the door she paused and said positively witheringly: "It is the heart that understands."

IF

Two Miles After Kipling

By

HELEN ROWLAND

Courtesy of

PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN

IF—
TWO MILES AFTER KIPLING

If you can win a husband without trying,
And make him think that he's the prize, not you;
If you can trust him when you know he's lying,
And never even let him know you knew;
If you can wait and wait and keep on waiting,
And greet him when he comes with smiling eyes,
And listen to the old equivocating,
And never say much, or look too wise.

If you can love him, minus shave or collar,
If you can cook, when cooking's not your aim,
If you can coax for every single dollar,
And keep on being grateful just the same;
If you can hear the earnest words you've spoken,
Twisted to make them sound insane, absurd,
Or see your dearest hopes and idols broken,
And never, never say a single word.

If you can make one heap of your illusions,
And risk them on one man, to stand or fall,
And, finding all your dearest dreams, delusions,
Can still declare that he was worth it all;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To keep a smiling face unto the end,
And never show what thoughts are seething in you,
And seem to feel the joy that you pretend.

If you can have your say and then keep quiet,
And never lose your gentle little touch,
If you can hide his weakness, or deny it,
And other men don't interest you much;
If you can spend each day and hour and minute
In pleasing him, and never make a blunder
Well—matrimony's yours, for what there's in it,
And—which is more my girl—you'll be a wonder.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MISS PHILURA

By

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

From

The Transfiguration of Miss Philura

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Courtesy of

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY
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THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MISS PHILURA

Miss Philura Rice tied her faded bonnet strings under her faded chin with hands that trembled a little; then she leaned forward anxiously at the reflection which confronted her.

It was a somewhat pinched and wistful face that gazed back at her from the large, dim mirror of Cousin Maria Van Duser's third story back bed room. At sound of a brisk tap at her door, the lady turned to find the fresh-colored, impertinent face of the French maid obtruding itself into the room.

"Ze Madame waits."

"Yes, yes my dear, I am quite ready—I am coming at once."

Ten minutes later, Miss Philura, looking smaller and more insignificant than usual, was seated in the motor opposite Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Duser—a lady of majestic deportment—paying diligent heed to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of her hostess and kinswoman.

"During your short stay in Boston, Philura, you will of course wish to avail yourself of those means of culture and advancement so sadly lacking in your own environment. On this occasion my dear Philura,

you will have the pleasure of listening to an address by Mrs. B. Isabell Smart, one of our most advanced thinkers. You will, I trust, be able to derive from her words something which will influence your entire individual experience. The lecture will take place in the drawing-room of the Woman's Ontological Club. The club deals exclusively with those principles which lie at the base of all phenomena, including being, reality, time, space, motion, difference and cause. In a word, my dear Philura, with metaphysical philosophy."

Miss Philura was reduced to shrinking silence.

When they arrived at the club, and Mrs. B. Isabel Smart began to speak she became almost directly aware of a small, wistful face, with faded blue eyes and a shabby, unbecoming bonnet, which surrounded on all sides as it was, by tossing plumes, rich velvets and sparkling gems, took to itself a look of positive distinction.

Mrs Smart's theme as announced by the president of the club, was "Thought Forces and The Infinite", and before three minutes had passed, Miss Philura Rice had forgotten that such things as shabby gloves, ill fitting gowns, and superfluous birthdays existed. In ten minutes more, she was leaning forward in breathless attention, the faded eyes aglow and a face flushed with joyful excitement.

Mrs. Smart continued speaking as follows: "This unseen Good hems us about on every side; it presses upon us, more limitless than the air we breathe. Out of it, every need, every want, every yearning of humanity can be supplied. To you who, hitherto

led starved lives, longing for the good things, which you believe a distant God has denied you,—to you, I declare that in this "All Encircling Good" is already provided a lavish abundance of everything you can possibly want. Ask, and believe that you have. You have asked many times perhaps and have failed to receive—Why? You have failed to believe. Ask then, and expect it, it is yours!"

When at the close of the lecture Mrs. B. Isabel Smart became the center of a polite, yet insistant crush of satins, she was aware of a timid hand upon her arm, and turned to look into the small, eager face under the unfashionable bonnet.

"You—you meant religious gifts—did you not?—Faith, hope—"

"I meant everything that you want."

"But—but there is so much—I never had anything that I really wanted".

"Have them now—have them all—all things are yours."

When Miss Philura found herself on her homeward way, she sat very erect in the motor, red spots glowed upon her faded cheeks.

"I think it was just wonderful! I am so happy to have heard it. Thank you a thousand times, dear Cousin Maria, for taking me."

Mrs. VanDuser raised her gold rimmed glasses, and settled them under arching brows.

"Of course one should make proper allowance for facts—as they exist. And also consider what interpretation is best suited to one's individual station. A lowly, but pious life is doubtless good and proper for many worthy persons."

Miss Philura's blue eyes flashed rebelliously for perhaps the first time in uncounted years. She made no answer, but determined to act upon the suggestions she had heard that afternoon. Indeed her next remark was so entirely irrelevant that her august kinswoman stared in displeased amazment.

"I am going to make some purchases tomorrow Cousin Maria. I should like Fifine to go with me."

During a joyous evening, she endeavored to formulate her thronging desires; by bedtime she had even ventured to make out a list, which she hid away in the depths of her shabby purse—it read as follows:

"I wish to be beautiful and admired. I want two new dresses, a hat with plumes, and a silk petticoat that rustles, new kid gloves and a feather boa, and I wish to have a lover and be married."

To lay this singular memorandum before her Maker appeared to Miss Philura little short of sacrilegious, but the thought of the "Encircling Good" encouraged her. "I have asked and I believe I shall have."

Mademoiselle Fifine passed a very enjoyable morning with Miss Philura. She arranged her hair in the most becoming fashion, helped her select two perfectly fitting gowns and a modest hat with soft plumes. In truth, the small erect figure, bore no resemblance to the plain, elderly Miss Philura of yesterday.

Mrs. J. Mortimer VanDuser regarded the apparition which greeted her at luncheon with open disapproval. This new Miss Philura with the prettily

flushed cheeks, the bright eyes, the fluff of waving hair, gave her an unpleasant shock of surprise.

"I'm sure I hope you can afford all this."

"Oh, yes. I can afford whatever I like now."

"What—er—I do not understand—where did you obtain all the money for this?"

"The money—why out of the bank of course."

Miss Philura bestowed but a single thought upon the fact that she had drawn out and expended in a single morning, nearly the whole of the modest sum, commonly made to supply her living for six months. 'In the All Encircling Good there is plenty of money —so why should I not spend this?"

The village of Innisfield was treated to a singular surprise on the Sunday morning following, when Miss Philura Rice, newly returned from her visit to Boston, walked down the aisle to her accustomed place in the singers' seat. Whispered comment flew from pew to pew and directly the service was at an end, Miss Electa Pratt attached herself to her friend, Miss Philura.

"I'm just dying to hear all about it. Have you had a fortune left you? Everybody says you have and that you are going to be married."

Miss Philura hesitated for a moment.

"I haven't exactly had money left me—but I have all I need."

"And are you going to be married?"

"Yes."

"Well I never! Philura Rice! Do tell me when and who it is?"

"I cannot tell you that now. He is in—", she was about to add "The Encircling Good", but reflected

that Miss Pratt might fail to comprehend her. So she compromised by adding, "I will introduce him to you later."

The Encircling Good proved itself wholly adequate to the demands made upon it. Though there was little money in the worn purse, there were pressing invitations to spend the day, from friends who suddenly became warm and affectionate and not even the new minister's wife could boast of such lavish donations of new laid eggs, frosted cake and delicate biscuits as found their way to Miss Philura's door.

Some weeks later, the Rev. Silas Pettibone, pastor of the Innisfield flock, made ready for a round of parochial visits. Unfortunately the good minister had been forced to lay his wife beneath the sod of the village church yard, some three years previous. Since this sad event, he had found it essential to his peace of mind, to employ great discretion in his dealings with the female members of his flock. Foremost on his list today, appeared the name of Miss Philura Rice. As he stood upon her door step, he resolved to be particularly brief in his pastoral ministrations. The sunshine, pleasantly interrupted by snowy muslin curtains, streamed in through the open windows of Miss Philura's modest parlor and flickered gently on the brown head of the little mistress of the house, seated with her sewing in a favorite rocking chair. Miss Philura was unaffectedly glad to see her pastor. She told him that last Sunday's sermon was inspiring. The Rev. Silas Pettibone seated himself opposite and regarded her attentively.

Her dress was undeniably becoming, and the upturned face shone with a sweet and serene light, and the pastor of the Innisfield flock leaned forward, and fixed his earnest brown eyes on the blue eyes of the lady.

It is altogether likely that he found conditions in the spiritual state of Miss Philura which necessitated earnest admonition, for the sun was setting when the reverend gentleman left her door and slowly made his way toward the parsonage.

Curiously, the house had taken on a very forlorn and lonely aspect during his absence.

"I believe", said Mr. Pettibone as he sat down to his solitary supper, "I failed to draw Miss Philura's attention to the relation between faith and works. It will be advisable I think to look in again for a moment tomorrow afternoon."

One Sunday, a month later, Miss Electa Pratt took occasion to seek a private conversation with her pastor, to congratulate him on his sermon of the morning.

"I don't know when I ever heard anything like it. Mr. Pettibone, you are just ripening for a better world! It does seem to me you ain't looking as well as usual lately. I said so to Philura Rice as we was coming out of church, and I really hate to tell you how she answered me. 'Mr. Pettibone is perfectly well', she says and tossed her feathers. Philura is awful worldly, I do grieve to say."

The Rev. Pettibone frowned.

"Miss Rice is one of the most lovely and consistant Christian characters it has ever been my privilege to

know. I must further tell you, I hope to have the great happiness of leading Miss Rice to the matrimonial altar in the near future."

Miss Electra Pratt sat back in her chair, petrified with astonishment.

"Well I must say! And she was engaged to you all this time!

"I am at a loss to comprehend your strange comment, Miss Pratt—the engagement only took place—ah—yesterday."

"Yesterday! Well! I can tell you that Philura Rice told me that she was engaged to be married more than three months ago! Now maybe you'll listen to me while I tell you what I know about Philura Rice."

But the lady had reckoned without her host. The Rev. Silas rose to his feet with decision.

"I certainly will not listen to anything derogatory to Miss Rice. She is my promised wife, you will remember."

That evening after service, her modest cheeks dyed with blushes, Miss Philura confessed to her promised husband that she had indeed announced her intentions of matrimony some three months previous. Then she told him about her visit to Boston and the lecture she had heard on the Encircling Good, and she added: "I always wanted somebody to love me—me in particular you know, and I asked God to give me a husband. After I had asked, of course, I believed—he was already in the Encircling Good—and when Electa asked me point blank if I was going to be married, what could I say without denying God?"

The Encircling Good was perfectly manifest at that moment in the shape of two strong arms. Miss Philura rested in them and was glad.

THE ART OF THE MONOLOGUE

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

THE ART OF THE MONOLOGUE

The monologue, as a medium for character portrayal, offers almost unlimited possibilities. Because of this fact it has made a place for itself in our world of entertainment, and could, with difficulty, be supplanted. The strength of its appeal comes through the presentation of the little bits from the everyday, familiar things of life, miniature dramas and comedies set in a spot light.

Its apparent simplicity and usually funny lines tempt the unwary in search of something "easy to give." There are many technicalities to be observed, however, before an artistic interpretation is attainable.

The first consideration is the study of the story. Read the lines carefully enough to enable you to tell in your own words incidents of the monologue in their sequence. Next, give attention to the speaking character. Naturally, you have formed some idea of the speaker during the reading, but this is not definite enough. The type to be portrayed must be so clear and vivid in the mind of the impersonator, that his individualism is utterly merged into that of the character he is assuming.

Imaginatively we paint a portrait—color of hair, eyes, expression of face, age, stature, clothes,—perfect in all detail.

This illusion can not be a physical one only. The next thought must be given to the analysis of the lines, and in doing this the impersonator must study the mental or emotional condition of the character, for from these sources come the clues for the interpretation. It is the mind of the character which produces the speeches and the actor must sense that mental background if the lines are to ring true.

Taking the analysis further, we come to the important part of "filling in". That portion of the conversation that is responsory must reflect in the manner, the action, and the voice, just what remark calls forth the reply. Many a beginner fails to realize the importance of this phase of monologue art. You can not respond to something that has not been said or implied, neither can the audience appreciate nor understand an indefinite conversation; so, in the analysis of the lines, fill in mentally each supposed speech and as it is imaginatively spoken. Let your pantomimic response be so vital and definite that the audience can have no doubt as to what has been said or done.

A monologue is full of "high lights". A close study of the lines will reveal subtle bits of humor which depend entirely for their effect upon the interpretation. Decide what they are, concentrate upon them and with your voice, hold them up to the view of the audience. Give time enough for these little brilliant passages to take effect; never fear the pause, it is

natural to pause in our relationships with people, for they must have a chance to get their words in too.

The word relationship brings us to a consideration of the silent characters in the picture. It is imperative that they be clear to the audience. Place them with your glance, look directly at them when you speak. If they move about, let your eyes follow them. Take time enough to suggest their replies, and then the audience will see them too.

The action used in the giving of a monologue depends upon the type and the conditions of the situation and so must be left to the discretion of the impersonator. One good rule to remember is that all action must add to the meaning of the lines and must belong to the "character". Study to fit movement and voice to the surroundings. A monologue delivered in a drawing-room would not be given with the same power and sweep as would be required to fill the theater. No matter to what size you are forced to increase your picture, each detail must be perfect and bear inspection. An audience is generally sensitive, and emotional scenes, portrayed true to life never fail to win appreciation.

AT THE AUCTION

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

AT THE AUCTION

SCENE: *A crowded auction room.*

The auctioneer, with a somewhat pompous and exceedingly self-confident air, rapidly shifts his attention as he seeks prospective purchasers, from those near-by, and those standing farther away, and those on the the outskirts of the crowd. He pantomimes freely, in taking and returning articles to his assistant, in turning the articles for the crowd to see, and in appealing for bids. His voice ranges from pleading to scornful tones, always alert to secure a "laugh" to hold the attention of his audience. His subdued remarks to his assistant give another touch of variety. His continually changing facial expression heightens the effect of his words at every turn.

THE AUCTIONEER *speaks.*

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm glad it's raining—I know you're not but I am, for when there's nothing to do outside, you come in here and that gives me a chance to show you a collection of beautiful articles, such as you will not find offered—come right in ladies—come right in, no use to get wet—plenty of room at the front—walk right up and take orchestra seats—thank you.

Ladies and gentlemen, just to start off the afternoon—here is a little novelty I want to show you (holds it aloft)—a monkey holding an ash tray—a

very nice little souvenir to take home to your husband or sweetheart, proving that you thought of him while away. Who will start it—does anybody want—the lady says twenty-five cents—anybody give fifty—fifty cents is bid—the monkey changes his home for fifty cents. (Gives it to her.)

Is there any lady or gentleman here who desires a certain article put up—that is what we are here for—to show you any thing you wish to see—Here ladies and gentlemen is a chocolate pot (holds it up) —can be used for coffee or tea—cream pitcher, or milk—generally milk—and sugar, with the tray, that goes along—four pieces is all—four. This tray can be used as a card tray, or for the ice water or lemonade—best we can get just now—in fact for almost anything. These articles are absolutely genuine silver plate, much better than sterling, as they are not so apt to be stolen in case of burglary, each piece stamped on the back with a genuine stamp—will anybody start it for twenty dollars and fifty cents—the lady offers five dollars—which piece did you mean?—all of it—Oh, the lady says all of it. Thank you, a silver tea set for five dollars. We might as well give it away for luck. Three pieces and a tray. Do I hear six—wouldn't that make an elegant wedding present—just right size for two rooms, kitchen and bath. Six dollars—will you say seven—this is a chance of a life time—seven—I thank you. Here's a gentleman with a heart—I would like to see you get it my dear sir. Business is picking up a little, see if we can get some competition—will a lady or gentleman give me eight—don't shake your head no, you may make yourself

dizzy doing that. If you can buy it for forty dollars I'll eat it and it is hard to digest.

Ladies and gentlemen, is there one in this audience appreciative enough of this exquisite article to say nine?—Yokomato take this (hands it to him) through the audience and show it—examine it—handle it. Imagine drinking your coffee out of that pot, nine dollars once—nine dollars twice—watch yourself now—don't slip on this—sold for nine dollars. My goodness, that's a present not a purchase.

Now girls, I am going to show you something that will make you come to life—Yokomato get me that jade string with earrings to match, there in the case—that's the one. Girls look at this—(holds them up) (To Yokomato)—Can't squeeze much out of this crowd, take an earthquake to make them loosen up—this is a hand picked set, fit for anybody's queen, a string of jade and pearls and the earrings—guaranteed irresistible. These three pieces alone would make any lady look beautifully dressed —pass them around, please, Yokomato—who will start them—Will any lady say five dollars—what is it madam?—some of the pearls damaged—well that makes it antique—one dollar—I am offered one dollar for the set—thank you. Did you understand that we are offering these for sale, we don't care to rent them—do I hear two—two is bid—are you all done—are you through—we will have to pass it. Take it back Yo—Wait a minute. Is there a gentleman in my audience who would invest two dollars and a quarter to please the girl whose picture he carries in his watch—I thank you sir—gentleman on

the back row gets the jade and pearl set. Are you married may I ask—no—I thought not. A bead bag—certainly—any particular one? The one with the roses on the green and blue background, Yokomato—here is a beautiful bag—look at the coloring in that bag—my eyes were green and blue a few weeks ago—No doubt you think my wife did it, but you're wrong. I fell down the cellar stairs—funny thing, too, how I should do that, because I am very familiar with those stairs—I go down often—I have a good cellar—well, we will let that pass. This bag is hand made—just examine this please ladies—show it to them Yama—you can smell the flowers they are so real—real enough to fool the bees—isn't that a work of art? Who will start the bag for one hundred dollars—(to Yokomato) how much must we get for this?—twenty this week—Do I hear ninty dollars—eighty—seventy-five—put it back Yo. We can't afford to give bead bags for souvenirs this afternoon.

Don't go out ladies—I will give something away. I have changed my mind—(to Yokomato) it's clearing, we can't hold them much longer—here is a beautiful lunch cloth, green and white stripe, one lady used hers for a bed spread—it could easily be used for both. Just feel the quality of this—that's all right, you can spit on it, my grandmother always did that—(A sudden excitement). Don't be disturbed my friends—don't hurry off because a fire engine has gone by—there aren't enough buildings in this little town to make a real good fire—it might be a good thing for some of us if we could collect our insurance—(to Yokomato) well it looks

as if the show was over for this afternoon. Did we take in anything worth while? I must have a check on my commissions, the next installment on my wife's fur coat is due tomorrow.

A QUIET EVENING AT HOME

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

A QUIET EVENING AT HOME

SCENE: *On the porch. A warm evening in midsummer.*

Mrs. Edward Hunter, comfortably plump, talkative, and obviously "warm." She is tolerant toward her husband, quite distressed at her son, and effusive to her friend, Mrs. Cooper. She appears somewhat worried and irritated over Ed's talking with the widow.

MRS. HUNTER *speaks.*

It feels good to sit down—put the awning up Ed—whew it's hot. (Fanning heat.) Ed, put the awning up—that's better—go for a walk? No, nothing would induce me to stir off this porch tonight. I hope no one comes in, so we can get to bed early, I want to take a bath.

Where are you going Harry?—Why you have been there every night this week; don't stay after half past ten please—it was a quarter after twelve when you got in last night—of course it was the dance club, but don't let it be that late tonight. It is rest you need, not recreation. Did you have a nice time?—"Hot pup"? Ed will you please speak to him about this "hot pup" stuff, and another expression that he uses all the time is "the bee's knees". I think it is positively immoral—Ed are you going to allow a son of yours—(calling) half past ten remember, Harry.

At that third house from the corner, over there across the street, they got eight dollars' worth of flowers to-day. I don't know whether they are all to go in the porch box or not—why I heard her count out the money to the delivery boy. She came out and painted the box yesterday, green, didn't you notice it?—Now, Ed, you know perfectly well that I never pay any attention to the neighbors, I have no time to mind anybody's business but my own; it is just interesting to know about it that's all.

(Greets Mrs. Cooper.) How'd'y do Mrs Cooper, haven't seen you for a long while, I thought your daughter told me you were away—Oh, just for the day. Come up and sit down—take the rocker. Ed, now I'm not alone, go for your walk. You'll meet some one—bring us back some ice cream, don't get that cherry ice, remember what happened to you the last time you ate that.

There's old Mr. McLean sprinkling the lawn again. He certainly has enjoyed that hose this summer.

Well, the old lady next door to us has gone at last,—she certainly did hold on to this life. They had to take her almost every night to the movie, the coldest, snowy weather last winter, in a rolling chair.

You know the day before the funeral her daughter telephoned to Kauffman's for a set of collar and cuffs, something dainty and youthful, and you know Mrs. Cooper, she is at least forty-five. Now, with me it is different, I don't look my age, I could pass any day for my son's sister.

The cheapest they had was six-fifty, so she didn't take them. You were not at the funeral, were you—

she wore an old blue waist with a fluffy ruffle down the front and a light hat and those red beads she got last summer in the Maine woods. Frightful isn't the word.

The very night she died, she was down the cellar with a candle going through the old lady's trunk.

We were all out to Mrs. Higgins, you remember who she was—yes—to dinner last night—Oh, lovely home. She has just had some pictures taken of herself—exquisite dress—he got money from home—and the most beautiful frame for the picture you ever saw. We had an elegant dinner—chicken—What?—just two years, and everything she has had since she's married has been broiled—his mother's idea. Bunk with love, excuse the slang, but listen here, any man I'd marry who would begin telling me what his mother could cook—well I'd say get out of here and do it quick.

You know, there is a marriage that always seemed strange to me; how a girl as deaf as a post, can marry a man like he is, or anybody, for the matter of that, is more than I can understand. When I asked her last night if she was coming to town this week she said, "No, I don't wear my watch very often, it's upstairs."

Of course connection counts for a great deal in this world—yes, fine old family and all that but ancestors are not ear drums and she must be six or seven years older than he is.

You know that is what worries me so about my Harry. This girl that he has become acquainted with this last year has got him head over heels in love with her. She is every day of thirty; she looks

it; and you know how they can fascinate them at that age. The night I saw her she had on long earrings and red hair—henna—I'm sure, and one of those fluttery green dresses. Ed thought she was wonderful and I tell you those kind are dangerous. To think that my innocent boy is being roped in before my very eyes. I've had no control over him since he met her, and he is so young, only twenty-three. Now that little girl he went with last summer when we were down at the cabin, was all that could be desired, just nineteen, sweet, unsophisticated, she could play the piano, and a father worth one hundred thousand. Oh, yes—of course Mrs. Cooper, there is nothing mercenary about me, but I do say that a girl with a hundred thousand dollars in front of her, has more to look forward to than a girl with nothing behind her.

And my boy would make such a good husband too, just like his father—of course it has taken training, but it pays. Would you believe it, Ed does all the marketing—of course I tell him what to get and where to go for it—I have such a fine butcher, does his own killing, only has one arm, such a gentleman too, it hardly seems possible in his business with the animals.

(Points.) There come the folks across the street home in their new car. We all thought it was second hand, but I heard that he told some one it cost him sixteen hundred and fifty—well, I think there must have been a first class funeral in the family somewheres.

Here's Ed—well, did you get it?—Where have you been all this time?—Now what were you talking to

that widow about—you know Mrs. Cooper she always has some kind of a story that appeals to the sympathy of the men; a burglar last week and a few nights ago smoke in the cellar—Well, if she hears him again let her call the police, or else get a husband of her own to tell her troubles to.

Come on, we will go in and eat our cream—call up your husband Mrs. Cooper, and have him join us.

BUYING THE WALL PAPER

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

BUYING THE WALL PAPER

SCENE: *A wall paper store.*

The well-known undecided shopper, with a very slight idea of what she wants. Somewhat affected.

THE SHOPPER *speaks.*

Good morning, is this the wall paper store?—Well, I want to look at some paper.... Thank you, it will be more comfortable to sit down. Dining room paper?—No, bedroom paper.... Something in blue? Gracious no, I can't stand blue. No, I don't like stripes—nor anything pink. You see this room was used by Aunt Sara, my husband's aunt, but now that we have laid her away, we are going to move over there.... Oh yes, of course it is sad, still we wouldn't have her back, and it could have been a great deal worse. It might have been one of us.

In a way it seems a shame to change that wall paper, we've gotten so used to it. It has been on there now for about twenty years, in fact ever since I've been married—Oh, that's too plain—I don't like gray, it's too cold—Nothing in green—lavendar?—No—I don't care for trees— nor poppies.... That is not very pretty either. How much is that one?—seventy-five cents? Oh I won't pay that much. Give me something much less than that—Thirty-five cents

the cheapest?—I thought—haven't you something—well, about eighteen or twenty cents?—This one you say is forty? Well, that is too much—and I don't like it anyway, it is too spotty—That is too bright.—What kind of ceiling would you use with that?—Plain white—my no, I wouldn't have that.—Does a border come with this?—Not using them—well I want a border, something that will break the wall—but nothing expensive. Not that we can't afford it now that Aunt Sara—but there is no use to throw money away.... That's nice. How much is that? Where are the thirty-five cent papers? No, I don't like violets—I can't stand yellow—nor blue, nor large figures—nor gray nor pink, nor yellow, nor violet. No spots nor dots nor conventional designs. But show me anything else.... You haven't?—Well, this is for my own room, as I said, and I want something nice.

You say this is a special lot you are showing me now, at twenty-five cents? Oh I like that—why that is just what I wanted, brown background with yellow stripes, and—are they birds, yes, and the little bunches of wistaria. You say that's oly twenty-five cents? It is one of the newest papers?—You know I won't have anything that is not right up to date, —It must be smart looking to go with my yellow window curtains, and then I have an orange lamp shade. Don't you think that would look nice in the room, too? And a black lace bureau scarf. That will give it sort of an oriental touch—I like unusual things.

Don't forget to paper the closets—and what kind of a ceiling are you going to give me—I'd like a

cream dot,—and give me a border that will be in perfect harmony. My one idea is to have the room look restful and soothing, yet cheerful. No that would never do—birds, flying or standing still will be better. Parrots? No, too much like the woman next door—she has one—it uses terrible language. How about those bunches of grapes? Well, yes, more for a dining room of course. Have you anything purple to match the wistaria? That is such a good color for the nerves, and you need something quieting in a bedroom. Will you be getting new borders? —Suppose I wait and come in next week.

(Rises.)

Oh Mrs. Hart, how do you do? I did not recognize you for a minute. I haven't seen you all summer, been to the shore as usual, I suppose. Abroad, indeed—well—Of course it is all right if you can afford it—I'm glad you had such a nice time—No we were home all summer. It was really very comfortable here, we didn't care to go away.

Now young man how much will that papering be? .... You have to know the size of the room? Well, half as big as this store—or maybe larger. Approximately eleven dollars. My, that's too much, can't you do it any cheaper?—Well, do it for less if you can. Of course,I want only the best work.

My name is—Mrs. Jacobs—Jenny Josephine Jacobs, 42 Todd Street—near the station, you know—the house with the blue shutters and the white fence going down on the left side.... Well, I guess that will be all.... Oh! when are they coming to put it on, and will the wall have to be scraped? I hate to give up that other paper—it seems like one of the

family. I don't suppose I could get the same thing again, could I—it's quite pretty—high columns of daisy stems with big bunches at the top—(Measures distance with her hands.)—about every so far—all colors. I wouldn't have it touched but the ceiling fell in,—and you will have to send somebody to fix that, too. Now you understand what I want, do you? Very well, thank you, good bye.

(Starts to leave.)

It has occurred to me that perhaps I ought to have the bathroom papered—Something yellow—how much was that satin stripe you showed me? . . . Not a bathroom paper? . . . Well, I perfer it to look a little odd. At present it has a border of large red roses (Indicating border.)—Could I just have the side wall done and keep that same border?—I see. How much would it cost to have that paper put on that you can wash off?—That's lovely!—If you took a bath with this on, I don't suppose it would show, where it was splashed.—Will you give a sample of each of those, and then I will decide later? Will you send the man this week?—Well, that will do. Good morning.

IN THE SLEEPING CAR

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

IN THE SLEEPING CAR

SCENE: *A pullman car at bedtime.*

THE MOTHER *speaks.*

"Porter, can you make up this section next?—Don't you think we better go right to bed Auntie? We have to get up so early in the morning, and I rushed so all day. I like to have at least a week to get myself packed. And when you have a husband and a child to pack, on a few hours notice—well, you are bound to leave something behind. I packed Junior partly in the trunk and partly in the suit case, because I didn't know what he might need.—Yes, porter, at once please. Now let me see, which way will we be going backward?—Well, I mean, where are you going to put our heads?—Oh yes. No doubt it doesn't make any particular difference where they are, either end will do. Porter, did you see my umbrella? (Looks for umbrella)—Junior did you do anything with Mother's umbrella?—Auntie, I don't suppose you—well—I must have left it behind, I've done that before.

Come Junior, sit here with mother. There's a place right down there Auntie.—Yes, we'll go to bed in a few minutes.—Yes, behind the curtain. . . . Yes, everybody does.—No, nobody peeps in.—Yes, the old

gentleman is going to bed, too.... By himself I suppose.—No, he has no little boy to sleep with.—No, you must sleep with me.—Certainly not! Junior what dreadful things you say!

Thank you porter. Go tell Auntie, Junior. Now Auntie, you know you can't take the upper one.... Well, that's lovely of you to insist. Take off everything you can down here. What are you going to do about your teeth?—Oh, I would never leave them in the dressing room. Why don't you put them in your pocketbook? Don't risk them in your mouth. (To Junior) Get into this bed and take off your shoes. —If we should turn a sharp curve while you were asleep—Junior don't pull those curtains. (Pulls him away.) There is a gentleman behind them. No it isn't your father.—I say it is not your father.—Well I know it isn't—now just hush. Father is coming next week. Here, get into this bed and get off your shoes—(Pushes him in.).... Because everybody does.

What are you going to do about your back hair Auntie?—Can you sleep comfortably with it on?—Give it to me. I'll put it in the suit case. How will you ever get up there?—Porter, can you assist in getting that lady to bed—You were in the army?—well then of course you can. Now when you are on top of the ladder, Auntie, we will both give you a push from behind. (Action.) There, that's splendid!

What is it Junior?—A drink? Yes, now what have I done with that glass?—Dear, dear, I thought I put it in the suit case. Auntie, Auntie can you lean out just a little way—hang on tight. Is the glass up there in your bag?—Never mind. I have

it. Now Junior stay right here in bed while I go get the water.—Oh.... why yes. You are very kind. Auntie, wasn't that nice of him? The gentleman across the aisle has gone to get the water. He must have a family of his own. Do you suppose it was all right for me to let him do it? It seems rather unconventional. Do you suppose Clifford would object?—Yes, but matrimony changes your view point about an awful lot of things.

I thank you so much. It is so difficult to be without a husband when you are traveling.—Good gracious, yes, I have one, but not with me. He will join us in a few days. We came away very unexpectedly. In fact I almost missed the train—the man at the ticket window was so long. We wouldn't have made it, if I hadn't spied that other open gate and rushed through. They were taking in the sign when we got there. We are rushing to meet my sister-in-law. She is coming back from the other side. Two years ago, she had such a time with the customs—but on this trip she is going to sew all she can inside of her—she's thin.

Yes, Junior, here is your drink.—Don't you want it all dear?—No you can't wash your face in it. You can wash your face in the morning—I never knew you to want to be so clean... Well, say your prayers quietly. You cannot get out in the aisle.—No, you need not talk out loud.... Well, the noise of the train won't make any difference.... Yes, the Lord can hear you anyway.

Auntie, (Looking up to her) you are not asleep are you? Do you remember whether I packed Clifford's collars, and those two dress shirts? I hardly

know what I am taking. Where is that list? Junior, give mother that little hand bag back of you.—You were saying your prayers?—Oh, too bad mother interrupted—never mnid.—Give me the hand bag and then begin again. (Reads from list.) A layer of shoes, and the organdy and the crepe de chine and the dotted swiss and the pleated skirt and the georgette blouses. Ten rompers, the tonic capsules, three dozen pairs of stockings, cold cream and the cascarets. I don't see anything here for Cliff, except tennis shoes, shaving soap and a dinner jacket. Imagine what he would look like in those.—I'll have to telegraph—What is it?—Yes, one minute conductor—

Now where are those tickets? . . . (Long pause and hasty searching.)—Why, of course, I have. Do you think I'd get on the train without tickets? They cost seventy-two dollars. It does seem outrageous to pay such a price for three strips of paper. I seem to have lost them. . . . Where are we going? Why we are going to New York.—W-H-A-T? To New Orleans?—My heavens, we are on the wrong train!!!

ON THE SIGHT-SEEING AUTOMOBILE

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

ON THE SIGHT-SEEING AUTOMOBILE

SCENE: *Large sight-seeing bus used by tourists who "do" places of interest by schedule. The explanations of the lecturer are frequently drowned by other noises. Mrs. Jones is taking Anne for a trip.*

MRS. JONES *speaks.*

"Well, now, George, do you really think we had better go? Of course, very likely nothing will happen, still one can never tell. (To driver) How long does this ride take?—Two hours. You start at three, that would bring us back here at five. Well, will you be through by that time, George?—Then you will meet us right here at five. Wait a minute before you get the tickets—does this man look perfectly safe to you?—But you never can tell what these drivers were, before they were what they are now—Yes, of course. Very well—George wait a minute before you get the tickets—There is another car we passed just up the street, perhaps that is a better one—Oh, that goes at two-thirty—then it is too late. We might as well take this, I guess. George before you get the tickets, what do you think about the weather?—Well, of course it is, but this time of year is so uncertain—all right. George, before you get the tickets—I know your business is important,

but it is just as necessary that we decide to do the right thing this afternoon; I don't want my trip spoiled and neither does Anne.—Well if you feel that way about it don't wait, we can get tickets—All right. Good-bye. Now be right here on the minute of five, and if we are not here you will know that something has happened to us.—No I don't expect it of course, but it is always well to think of those things,—Good-bye. George, button your coat, it looks so much better. George, did you put my old brown veil in your grip?—Well, I had it in my mind and then something put it out—no there is no time now—meet us at five.

Do you think we might as well buy the tickets, Anne?—Yes, that's true, the seats are filling up. Two please—shall I get in first? My the steps are high—I always like a front seat—My dear, there is plenty of room—Madam, won't you move over a little more—Yes you can, I'm sure, if you try—Take the little girl on your lap—Well, why don't you sit on the second seat, it is much more pleasant back there anyway. (Turns around.) Pardon me, but can you make room for this lady back there on your seat? Yes, I thought so—You won't sit back there—you will have to be crowded then, my friend must have room, and I want her to see. Just get right up here Anne—squeeze in—let them move—are you crowded?—Not much—push a little—Well I told you to sit on the second seat, and if you won't, I can't help it.

(To the driver) How soon do you start?—thank fortune for that, I hate to wait.—These sight-seeing autos are a nice way to get around, but of course, I would not ride on one of them at home. (Reading

a sign in the window.) Turkish baths. Be clean. Feel refreshed. Sleep here over night and come out like new, for three dollars. Do you suppose they really do? I have a mind to come tomorrow and try it. Did you ever have a bath—neither did I. How much do they charge, I wonder, if you don't stay over night—

Here we go—mercy isn't it jumpy! Oh, my goodness—I never imagined it was like this. Never again on one of these. They seem all right when you are on the pavement. How long did he say this lasted? —two hours—well if I get jolted around like this for two hours, my vertebrae will be disconnected. Mercy what a steep hill; it would be awful if the breaks didn't hold. Heavens! Horseback has nothing on this.

What did he say—going east on Western Avenue. Pretty out here isn't it—Wsetern Osteopathic Hospital—if I rode on this thing for a couple of days I would land there. Isn't it a blessing Henry's sister didn't come with us—she never could have stood this jolting with her floating kidney.

Oh—(She gives a loud scream and puts her hand over eyes.) Did we run over it—the dog—are you sure? It seems as if we must have; I felt that something was going to happen to spoil my pleasure. These drivers are so careless—they all ought to be on chains—no dog of mine could run around the streets loose.

Excuse me, what did you say that building was?—the Art Museum.—We ought to see that before we go back, Anne, but it seems like such a waste of

time. George says high art is a great education, but it never appealed to me; in fact the last exhibition we went to was of impression pictures, or something like that, and the one I liked best was an old mill; I saw the water wheel very plainly and the water, but when I looked at the catalogue it was listed as a young lady playing the piano, and I said to George, people get paid for that sort of thing. That was enough.

I'm getting a pain between my ribs bumping along this way. That sun blinds me, it is right in my eyes.

Young man won't you stand over this way a little more, and keep the—thank you, that is much better.

What is the matter I wonder—why we are stopping;—listen, what is he saying—the most beautiful jewelry store in the world—we are to get out and go through—what a relief—my I'm stiff—maybe we can get earrings here—what a lovely place—the long ones that dangle. I don't like them, but men do, and you must do something these days to keep your husband. (To salesman) Have you earrings? I want something long that dangles; quite long—silver and rather lacy, to match my necklace —oh, I haven't got it with me, it is broken at home, —but if I could match it with earrings, I would buy a pair. The man from whom I bought the necklace told me it was the only one of its kind in the country.—Yes, they are pretty, but nothing like what I am looking for—my necklace was very expensive. Well, thank you.—Be nice, if we could get some little trinkets in here to take home to Aunt Clara—doubtless we can get a picture postal of this store some place, that will do just as well.

ON THE SIGHT-SEEING AUTO

Now we must climb up on this thing again. Well madam, if you are crowded, it is your own fault; I told you to sit on the other seat or take the child on your lap, if you won't, I can't help it.

Oh,—Oh turn to the left—I felt sure we would hit that trolley—What part did you say this was, young man—Oh yes, I couldn't understand him at all, he sounds like a railroad conductor, still it must be hard to make people understand, going thirty miles an hour, with their windows open.

Young man, can you stand on one side—yes, but the sun has moved to the back, and it is very annoying not to be able to see through you—Yes, the Free Library, it is magnificent. Mrs. Ogden's niece told me that her aunt is doing very well with that little one she is running around the corner for three cents a day, though why people will pay for books when they can get them for nothing is a mystery to me.

Why, there is George—so here we are. Has it been two hours? (Waves hand and calls.) George, we are all right—here we are, help me down—My I feel as if I were in little pieces put together wrong. I have ten of five, what have you?—You are a little fast, or maybe I am slow.—Be careful in getting down that step Anne, with your skirt. I certainly am glad to be off that thing.—I've left the umbrella, —young man my umbrella,—so we did, at the hotel. Never mind. Now let us all go and get a bite of something; I feel more like an oyster pie than anything else.

AT THE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

AT THE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

SCENE: *In the dressing room just before the high school graduation program.*

A GRADUATE *speaks.*

Girls it's five minutes of eight—what time is yours—five after—well I think you are wrong, Reba, because mine is exactly right. Oh, where did you get the program—let me see it a minute—aren't they pretty (reading). "Commencement of Brainard Township Public Schools. June. Seven-thirty p. m., in Hillesdale Hall. Class Motto: Upward and Forward. Class colors: Red and Black. Class Flower: Red Rose."

Have you one of these for me, Miss Beatam, to send to my cousin Frank? He lives in Mt. Gilead; he graduated last year.

You look awfully sweet, Miss Beatam—Come here Hanna, I'll let you look at mine. (Examine program.) You sing once and play twice—here I am. Salutatory—it is too, the right way to say it—Miss Beatam, didn't I say that—I told you it was right—

Reba your duet with Marie is one, two, three, four, five, six—sixth—right after the class prophet, that's Henry Drake.

Is my dress all right in the back?—(Turns.) Did your mother make yours?—No, the dressmaker made mine. Look, our flowers are just alike. Have you got your piece with you?—mine's in my stocking. I'm so nervous I'm shaking up and down —gee I'm wringing wet—feel my hands. Listen, when we do our dialogue, you come on from that side and me from this side, see—(Indicates) and meet in the middle—that'll look better.

We are fifteen minutes late beginning already—I wonder if the place is filling up. (Peeps out the door.) Oh look, there is a big fat fellow right out front—no, the one with his hair parted on the side, —don't you see him,—(pointing) there—right there —he sees us—get back—let me peep—he's laughing —Oh, stop pushing me out.—Let me see who else I know—there's Susie Rodgers and her aunt Jennie—and Miriam Harper and her fellow from Mill Creek. He was over to see her last Wednesday and Sunday. Wednesday he brought her a box of candy from the city. He makes twenty-two a week—his cousin told my mother—There's my Sunday School teacher, Mr. Evans. He's grand!

How does my hair look?—(Pats or puffs hair) Is it frizzed too much on the sides or not enough—how is it—tell me?

Virgie—Virginia,—your underskirt shows—in the back—the one with the lace on—has anyone a pin? —Miss Beatam, have you a pin?—here's one Virgie —put it up higher—now it's all right.

Say, you know that dollar Mrs. Snelling gave me—well, it got in the fire and was burnt up. That makes eight fifty I got altogether. Goodness, these heels make me so tired, don't they you.—Let's see yours—No, I had them when I was fifteen.

Oh, hello, Anne, my goodness, you are awful late—what was the matter?—two blow-outs—just coming over from Black Rock—did your brother drive you? Did he have to fix them?—I guess he was mad with his good clothes on, wasn't he. Miss Beatam, Anne's here.—You are going to recite aren't you—I didn't know it till I saw you on the program. Do you feel nervous?—Yes, nervous as anything—An Irish piece, are you?—"Bridget's Trials"—did your teacher in the city teach it to you?—I'm going to take off of her next winter—my aunt Emma is going to send me.

Oh, let me see your watch—it's lovely—girls look at Anne's watch—they did?—her mother and pop gave it to her just this afternoon—

Listen, the orchestra is tuning up. My heart is beating something awful—Miss Beatam, I'm terrible nervous—what if I forget the words—I knew them this afternoon.

How many presents, did you get Hanna—I got fifteen so far, but there are four more I'm sure of and a couple might come yet.—Writing paper, two boxes, one with red on the edge and the inside of the envelopes all with red paper, and a bottle of cologne, and silk stockings, black, and a fountain pen with a solid gold band around with my initials on, and money—my Uncle Albert and Aunt Emma haven't given me theirs yet, I won't get it till Sun-

day, when they come out for dinner—No, they can't come tonight, they have another engagement. Mama said she thought they might have come anyhow—well of course Uncle Albert is a lawyer, that makes it bad.

The lights are going up—the orchestra is beginning. Don't Ed Farr play grand—you can hear his horn above everything else—The place is full—there are lots standing in the back—here peep out—are you ready, Miss Beatam—shall we start—who leads—Miss Beatam do the boys come from that side—come on get in line, everybody—here, I'm going first—no, Hanna, she said I could. Do we sit down when we go on the stage or keep on standing—till after the Star Spangled Banner—till after the prayer—all right. I'm scared stiff. Stop pushing Alice. Don't make me laugh, I might fall up the steps. Here we go.

ON BARGAIN DAY

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

ON BARGAIN DAY

SCENE I: *Breakfast time in a suburban home.*

SCENE II: *Home again after the "big sale."*

MRS. HENSON *speaks.*

"John, are you nearly ready for breakfast?—All right. Sara, you can do the toast now and put Master Bobbie's egg on, but wait a few minutes for the others. Is the oatmeal ready for Mr. Henson? Bobbie wants puffed rice, and cornflakes for Miss Elizabeth, and cream of wheat for me—yes, that's right. John, I wonder if the children are up yet—I don't hear them, and they will be late for school if they don't hurry—(Calls) Robert—Elizabeth—come at once, breakfast is on the table.

You say you are going to drive to Riverton, John? Oh, No, I couldn't possibly go with you today. . . . Yes, no doubt the air would do me good for it is splendid outdoors and I would enjoy it, but I am entirely too busy. You seem to have no idea what a woman who has a house—well the children are to get off to school—(Calls) Robert—Elizabeth—are you up? What is it Robert?—Put on the same shirt that you wore yesterday. And besides all this, I have the dressmaker in the house today, and you know dear, it is impossible to leave.

(Picks up paper.) Why, where did this come from? I didn't see this paper before did I? Last night's? Yes, so it is. Did you read it, John?—Well didn't you see this?—What? (Calls attention to sale notice.) Why Johnson's Greatest Bargain Sale of the Season. It certainly was very thoughtless of you not to call my attention to it when you know I try to save all the money I can by watching the sales.... An expensive economy? Why John Henson, how can you say such a thing when you look at the stuff that we have in this house that I have bought for half price, which we never would have gotten any other way.... Unfortunately what? You are so unsatisfactory sometimes. You start to say something, then you never finish it.—What are you laughing at?... Very well.

Anyway I certainly wish you had given me this paper to look at last night. Johnson has bought the entire Einstein stock. (Reads from paper.) "Such a sacrifice of goods of quality has never before been seen in this city. Afternoon dresses of the latest fabrics and styles at almost nothing. Fifty dollar dresses at fifteen dollars."

"Kitchen utensils slaughtered. All household articles at less than one-third."

"A shoe sale that will startle the community. A few choice pairs of summer shoes left. Come early if you want to secure one of these greatest of all bargains"—Well, dear, I know it is the middle of October now, but then I will have a pair to begin with next spring.

John, I simply cannot afford to miss this—why I'll save twenty-five dollars today on just necessities. (John remonstrates.) Now, please, don't contradict me, a woman always knows about such things better than a man. Well, I can't let the dressmaker keep me, she will have to get along the best way she can. I can keep her a couple of extra days. What time is it?—eight-thirty. I mustn't waste a minute. Children eat your breakfast or you will be late for school—Oh no, I'm not going to stop for anything. (Leaves table.) Well, I'm not willing to risk losing some of the best things. Now, John, don't worry about me at all, I'll take a malted milk tablet and an iron and strychnine pill. I can snatch a little lunch somewhere after the crush is over. Let me see, I really have no time to dress; I'll just slip my suit on over this little morning dress, nobody will know the difference.—John, don't be so fussy, nothing is going to happen.—You must look nice on the outside or the clerks will not pay a bit of attention to you.

By the way, I must have some money. Yes, I know you gave me twenty-five yesterday but I've used it all, I've kept an account of every thing too, it's awful the way money goes, we really eat most of it. I gave the grocer sixteen ninety-four —it just seems like throwing it away after it has all gone down, and then I stopped at the milliners— I didn't get anything, I just ordered something, and the rest went for incidentals—well I don't know, just incidentals. But I hope to save a great deal by this sale.—I suppose fifty would do. Now, don't bother about me; you see that the children get off

to school, Sara, and let me go on, I shan't be there now before the door opens— (Exits in haste putting on hat and gloves.)

II

Don't expect me to talk, I'm simply exhausted, (Falls into chair puts bundles on floor.) but it was a grand success.—No doubt I do look worn out. Men think they work hard, but if they want to understand what it really means to be busy, they ought to be a woman for just one day and go to a bargain sale.—Don't talk, don't say one word—I only do it to save you money. Why, John, the prices were less than half. I bought some wonderful things. You never saw such a rush, look at my suit, it's a wreck. ... Yes, no doubt it will cost five dollars to fix it, but then I saved that on silk stockings alone. Seventy-five cents a pair. The women pulled that table right over; it upset in the aisle. My arms are nearly broken carrying these bags, but they wouldn't send anything that was reduced.

Just look at these stockings, (Holds them up.) nearly all colors.... Well, no, I have nothing to wear them with, except the black and the grey, but I can get things to wear with them. Yes, those flesh colored ones are rather thin—torn? It is really— and here are two pairs marked eight, and I told her nine. They are rather thinner than I thought,— they might look a little undressed. Some of them will have to go back.

John, here are splendid rubbers for you to wear next winter. (Hands them to him.) Tens. Well try them on. Push a little more, um—they are too small. It seems a shame, they were only fifty cents

too. Well they will have to go back. Here's a deck of cards.—No we don't often play, but they're nice to have in the house. Reduced from a dollar to thirty-nine cents. Wonderful.

Look at these shoes. (Holds them up.) Just what I have been needing all summer. So comforting to have them at last. I want you to see how beautiful they are on me, nine seventy-five from fifteen,—give me the one you have, this is for the left foot—why that one can't be, because this is.—Let me have it—Well, I'll declare both for the same foot. Now those will have to go back tomorrow. She had no right to give me two lefts.

John, last Sunday morning I noticed when you walked ahead of me going down the aisle in church, that bald spot of yours is getting bigger, and if anything can be done, now is the time, before it shines and goes all over your head. They had a marvelous demonstration today of Brown's Birch Balsam for the Bald. They had one of those bone heads there and they treated it with this balsam and bright green grass actually grew on that head, and I thought if it did that, it ought to do something for you, too.

I got a number of things for Christmas presents. I had nothing left over from last year that I wanted to part with, so I thought now was the time to get something cheap for the people who didn't matter, and the important ones we can get later.

Here's a lovely little tomato pin cushion and a box called Noah's Ark full of a lot of things that

are not what they seem—you know what I mean—it will do very nicely for your cousins up in the country.

John, I bought a WASHING MACHINE! Two hundred and sixty-five dollars special sale! Guaranteed to do everything a woman can do at twice the expense.—We will have to have a man come and install it in the cellar—What's the matter? Aren't you pleased?—Why you are constantly complaining that you are losing your clothes and this way they can't go any farther than the basement—It didn't cost anything, I had it charged.

There goes the dinner gong, go right down and have your dinner with the children—No I can't eat anything, I have a nervous sick headache. (Rubs head.) I am going to send for the doctor and go right to bed.—Well, I consider that the day has been very successful, and I certainly have saved you a great lot of money.

IN THE DRESSING ROOM

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

IN THE DRESSING ROOM

SCENE: *A vaudeville theatre dressing room.*

ONE OF THE GIRLS *speaks.*

(Suit action to the words.) Say, Sally, move over a little—you may look big enough to yourself to fill the whole mirror, but I'll not say you are—What do you mean knocking?—Oh, at the door. I'll bet it's somebody to tell us to can the big noise. Melville says to me yesterday. "What do you girls do up there in that dressing room." He says he was standing watching the second act and he could hear us yell. (Knocking continues.) For goodness sake who is it—who is it?—May, are you paralyzed? You are right by the door, see who it is—don't open it wide, can't you see Emma ain't got nothin' on—For goodness sake look who's here—

Well, who let you in?—it's only Belle Myers, you needn't care for her,—come on, shut the door.—Aren't you working this week?... next week. We only have the rest of this month, but Oppenheimer thinks he can put us on the Lafayette roof about three weeks. I know, ain't it awful?—show business has certainly been on the blink this season. I know I ain't made enough to retire on, so to speak.—Did you get your back alimony yet?—Oh, don't let him

kid you, he's got the money all right. I want to tell you I am sure I saw him last week, driving a big car and some dame beside him with a paradise feather in her hat. He couldn't get away with that stuff, if he belonged to me—You're awful foolish, Belle, why don't you wait till you can get some good advertising out of it, before you start proceedings.

Did you get it all off, Emma?—Oh, that's clean enough; they never look at your arms anyway. (Aside to Belle.) She bought a waist at Sterns, on the aisle, and she told us it was reduced to two ninety-five, and she says, "Girls, I don't know how they can afford to sell it for that," and a few minutes afterward, May found the tag on the floor, a dollar ninety-eight. We laughed till we cried. It was dark blue and it came off all over her—she says she is going to go back and show the manager and ask for the money. We had a terrible time to get her clean—that's what they were doing when you came in,—scrubbing her. We just had to, I often think, if the audience could see this inside stuff, we could get a raise.

Oh, you've been shopping haven't you—look at the handkerchiefs. You must be getting ready for a cold in the head—I hope this one doesn't do to you what Emma's waist did, when you blew your nose on it—you'd be blue in the face all right. You girls want to see these handkerchiefs—they certainly are pretty—what did you pay?.... A dollar a piece,—well, they don't look like one of my dollars. I can get some just like that for twenty-five cents.... Fifty, cents without the initial? That sounds more like it

What good is the initial on the handkerchief?—How much were these? . . . You should have kept right on with these thirty-five cent ones.

Is that a new dress Belle?—I had to have one, but oh, it's a nightmare to me to buy clothes. I just go from one window to another and try stuff on till I'm exhausted. Nothing made-up fits me. I tried one on, beaded, it looked awfully good, but it was only size thirty eight, she said a large thirty eight, but it caught me here and here, (Descriptive gestures) and I looked like a valentine. Before I got one, I went to the stores every day for a week. I wanted something plain, but smart looking,—you know, to catch the eye. Everybody showed me dark blue till I nearly lost my lunch. Honestly, if anyone would have dragged out another blue dress there would have been a hurry call for an ambulance, and it wouldn't have been me that rode in it either. At last I bought one, a straight effect, that kind of hangs from the shoulders, for fifty-five dollars, and I'm sick. Honestly I just looked at myself yesterday—I'm through. Here I've been kidding myself along that I got a good looking dress, instead, anybody would take me for a baby elephant!

Do you like that green one?—that's my change—but you should have seen our act in Buffalo, kid. I wore that green first, and then black sequin, and then just the pink ruffled net skirt and camesole of pearls—we stopped the show—didn't we girls—and in Detroit we cleaned up. The manager told us we were the best dressed act in his house all winter. We had some beautiful pictures taken—twenty dollars a hundred.

Old dear, let me tell you, when we played Oshkosh, I nearly landed a gold mine—if I never live to say another word, it's the truth—the opening show, a rich old duck on the second row nearly lost an eye, see—a friend of the house manager, so he asked to be brought around and introduced. Took me to dinner for five days straight. "'Aesthetic and very refined," a perfect gentleman, get me?—Pedigree, diamonds, a fat roll and everything—well you know I can only be refined for just so long at a time, then I must be natural, so the dear old soul got disillusioned—he thought he was too old to do the reform act, I guess. But honest to goodness, no kidding, if I could have just played my cards right, the show business could have gone up the river—I know it—and the worst of it is, that you don't get a chance like that every day.

(A knock is heard at the door.) Who is it?—Oh, the music—yes come in—girls have you got clothes on?—Are you the new man?—Well, I hope you know your business, because that other fellow simply ruined my songs yesterday, and nearly killed our whole act—what was the matter with him anyway?... I knew it, believe me that stuff that's made in the cellar is not safe.—Have you got my music here?—Let me see—thirty-six bars, seven drum bars, bum-de-bum—right into it, see?—once over and then half—you take it right from me—I take it right from you—du—deedil—dum—dee—di—di—dee. Rum—ta—di—dum—then rump de dump—ta da da,—catch it in here—have you got it?—Play this to bring me on, see—no vamp—then make our change without all that junk and stuff—

you'll remember that, won't you?—Gee, that mutt yesterday nearly wrecked us there—Tum-di-di—that brings you into A flat—go right through with that key into the chorus of "All By Myself"—got that?—Hattie, here's your music, you better give him the cues on it.

Oh, are you going, Belle.... Staying for the show—all right see you later—good-by kid, wish you luck.

The seam in your stocking is ripped Mable—hark, the Musical Howards are on—come on, we haven't got much time, they are generally a frost."

(Exit the girls carrying dresses, hats, and shoes for their changes in the wings.)

THE GUARDSMAN

By

WILLIAM A. DRAKE

Courtesy of
NAUTILUS MAGAZINE

THE GUARDSMAN

A Roman officer who guarded the tomb of the crucified Christ tells of the Resurrection.

"My Silvia, 'tis long since we have met, so kissed,
so held each other to heart!
I thought to greet thee as the conqueror comes,
bearing the trophies of his prowess home; but Jove
has willed it should be otherwise.
Jove say I? Nay, some mightier, stronger God, who
thus hath laid his heavy hand on me;
No victor, Silvia, but a conquered man—who seeks
to hide his weakness in thy love.

How beautiful thou art! The years have brought
an added splendor to thy loveliness.
With passion of dark eye and lip rose red, struggling between its dimple and its pride.
Yet there is something that glooms between thy love
and mine; come, girdle me about with thy true arms,
and pillow on thy breast this aching and bewildered
head of mine;
Here, where the fountain glitters in the sun among
the saffron lillies—
I will tell, if so that words will answer my desire,
The shameful fate that has befallen me.

Down in Jerusalem they slew a man, or God—it may be that he was a God—

Those mad wild Jews, whom Pontius rules,
Thou knowest Pilate, Silvia, a vain man, too weak to govern such a howling horde as those same Jews. This man they crucified.

I knew naught of him, never heard his name, until the day they dragged him to his death;
Then all tongues wagged about him and his deeds; some said he claimed to be their king, some that he had blasphemed their deity. 'Twas certain he was poor and meanly born.

No warrior he, nor hero; and he taught doctrines that surely would upset the world; so they killed him to be rid of him.

Wise, very wise, if he were only man, not quite so wise, if he were half a God!

I know that strange things happened when he died. There was a darkness, and an agony, and some were vastly frightened—Not so I.

What cared I if that mob of reeking Jews had brought a nameless curse upon their heads? I had no part in that blood guiltiness.

At last, he died; and some few friends of his took him and laid him in a garden tomb. A watch was set about the sepulchre, lest these, his friends, should hide him and proclaim that he had risen as he had foretold.

Laugh not, my Silvia. I laughed when I heard the prophecy; I would I had not laughed!

I, Maximus, was chosen for the guard with all my trusty fellows. Pilate knew I was a man who had no foolish heart of softness—all unworthy of a man. I was a soldier who had slain my foes; my eyes had looked upon a tortured slave as on a beetle crushed beneath my tread;

I gloried in the splendid strife of war, lusting for conquest; I had won the praise of our stern general on the scarlet field; red in my veins the warrior passion ran—for I had sprung from heroes, Roman born!

That second night we watched before the tomb, my men were merry; on the velvet turf, bestarred with early blossoms of the spring, they diced with jest and laughter.

All around the moonlight washed us like a silver lake, save where that silent sealed sepulchre was hung with shadow as a purple pall.

A faint wind stirred among the olive boughs; methinks I hear the sighing of that wind in all sounds since; it was so dumbly sad; but as the night wore on it died away, and all was deadly stillness; Silvia, that stillness was most awful, as if some great heart had broken and so ceased to beat.

I thought of many things, but found no joy in any thought, even the thought of thee. The moon waned in the west and sickly grew; her light sucked from her in the breaking dawn.

Never was dawn so welcome as that pale, faint glimmering in the cloudless, brooding sky.

~~Carissima,~~ how may I tell what came to pass? I have been mocked at, when I told the tale, for a crazed dreamer, punished by the gods, because he slept on guard; but mock not thou! I could not bear it, if thy lips should mock the vision dread, of that Judean morn.

Suddenly the pallid east was all aflame with radiance, that bent upon our eyes as from the noonday sun, and then we saw two shapes, that were as the immortal gods, standing before the tomb; around me fell my men as dead; but I, though through my veins ran a cold tremor never known before, withstood the shock, and saw one shining shape roll back the stone.

The whole world seemed ablaze, and through the garden came a rushing wind, thundering a paean, as of victory.

Then that dead man came forth! O Silvia if thou could'st but the face of Him have seen.

Never was such a conqueror. Yet no pride was in it—naught but love and tenderness, such as we Romans scoff at, and his eyes bespake him royal

O my Silvia, surely he was no Jew—but very Good!

Then he looked full upon me. I had borne much staunchly but that look I could not bear! What man may front a God and live? I fell prone as if stricken by a thunderbolt; and though I died not, somewhat of me died that made me man.

When my long stupor passed, I was no longer Maximus, I was a weakling with a piteous woman soul; all strength and pride, joy and ambition gone.

My Silvia, dare I tell thee what foul curse is mine because I looked upon a God?

I care no more for glory, all desire for honor and for strife is gone from me, all eagerness for war.
I only care to help and save bruised beings, and to give some comfort to the weak and suffering.
I cannot even hate those Jews; my lips speak harshly of them, but within my heart, I only feel compassion; and I love all creatures, to the vilest of the slaves, who seem to me as brothers.

Silvia, scorn me not for this weakness; it will pass, surely 'twill pass in time and I shall be Maximus, strong and valiant once again, forgetting that slain God. And yet, and yet, He looked like one who could not be forgot.

WHEN MADAM ALBANI SINGS

By

W. H. DRUMMOND

From
The Habitant
By
H. W. Drummond
Courtesy of

G. P. PUTMAN'S SONS, Publishers
New York and London

WHEN MADAM ALBANI SINGS

Was workin' away on de farm dere wan morning,
not long ago,
Feexin' de fence for winter—'cos dats w'ere we got
de snow.
W'en Jeremie Plouffe, ma neighbor, come over an
spik mit me.
"Antonne, you will come on de city, for hear Ma-dam
All-ba-nee."

"W'at you mean?" I was sayin' right off, me! Some
wooman was mak' de speech
Or girl on de Hooror Circus, doin' high kick an'
screech?
"Non-non," he is spikin'—"Excuse me, dats be
Madam All-ba-nee.
Was leevin down here on de contree two mile noder
side Chambly.

"She's jus' comin' over from Englain on steamboat
arrive Kebeck,
Singin' on Lunnon an' Paree, an' havin' beeg tam,
I expec'.
But no matter de moche she enjoy it, for travel all
'round de worl',

Somet'ing on de heart bring her back here, for she was a Chambly girl.
She never do not'ing but singin', an' makin' de beeg grande tam
An' travel on summer an' winter, so mus' be de firs' class for sure.
Ev'ryboddy I am t'inkin' was know her an' I also hear 'noder t'ing,
She's frien' on La Reine Victoria, an' show her de way to sing."

"Wall," I say, "you're sure she is Chambly, w'at you call Madam All-ba-nee
Don't know me dat nam on de Canton—I hope you not fool mit me."
An' he say, "Lajeunesse dey was call her, before she is come mariee,
But she has takin' de name of her husban'—I suppose dats de only way."

"C'est bon, mon ami," I say me, "If I get t'roo de fence next day
An' she don't want too moche on de monee, den mabee I see her play!
So I finish dat job on tomarrow, Jeremie he was helpin' me too,
An' I say, "Len' me t'ree dollar quickly for mak' de voyage mit you."

"Correc' "—so we're startin' nex' morning an' arrive Montreal all right,
Buy dollar tiquette on de bureau an' pass on de hall dat night.

Beeg crowd, wal! I bet you was dere too, all dress
on some fancy dress,
De lady, I don't say not'ing, but man's all w'ite shirt
an' no ves'.

Don't matter, w'en ban dey be ready, de foreman
strike out wit' hees steek,
An' fiddle an' ev'ryt'ing else too' begin for play up
de musique.
It's fonny t'ing, too, dey was playin', don't lak it
mese'f at all,
I roder be lissen some jeeg me, or w'at you call
"Affer de Ball."

An' I'm not feelin' very surprise den w'en de crowd
holler out "Encore",
For mak' dem feller commencin' an' play leetle piece
some more.
'Twas better wan, too, I be t'inkin', but slow lak
you're goin' to die,
All de sam' nobody say not'ing, dat mean dey was
satisfy.

Affer dat come de grande piano, lak we got on
Chambly Hotel.
She's nice lookin' girl was play dat, so of course
she's go off purty vell.
Den feller he's ronne out an' sing some, it's all about
my fine moon,
Dot shine on canal ev'ry night too. I'm sorry I don't
know de tune.

Nex' t'ing I commence get excite, me, for I don't
see no great Madam yet.

Too bad I was los' all dat monee, an' too late for de raffle tiquette.
W'en just as I feel very sorry for come all de way from Chambly,
Jeremie he was w'isper, "Tiens, tiens, prenez garde, she's comin', Madam All-ba-nee!"

Ev'ryboddy seem glad w'en dey see her come walkin' right down de platform.
An' way dey mak' noise on de han' den, w'y it's jus' lak de beeg tonder storm!
I'll never see not'in' lak dat, me, no matter I travel de worl',
An' Madam, you t'ink it was scare her? No, she laugh lak de Chambly girl.

Dere was young feller comin' behin' her, nice comme un cavalier.
An' before All-ba-nee she is ready an' piano get startin' for play,
De feller commence mit hees singin' more stronger dan all de res',
I t'ink he's got ver bad manner, know not'ing at all politesse.

Madam, I s'pose she get mad den an' before anyboddy can spik,
She settle right down for mak' sing too, an' purty soon ketch heem up quick.
Den she's kip it on gainin', an, gainin', till de song it is toot finis,
An' w'en she is beatin' dat feller, bagosh! I am proud Chambly!

I'm not ver sorry at all, me, w'en feller was ronnin' away,
An' man he's come out wit de piccolo, an' start heem right off for play,
For it's kin de musique I be fancy, Jeremie he is lak it also,
An' wan de best t'ing on dat evening is man with de piccolo.

Den mabbe ten minute is passin', Ma-dam she is comin' encore,
Dis tam all alone on the platform, dat feller don't show up no more.
An' w'en she start off on de singin' Jeremie say, "Antonne dat's francais,
Dis give us more pleasure I tole you, 'cos w'y? We're de pure Canayen."

Dat song I will never forget me, 'twas song of de leetle bird,
W'en he's fly from it's nes' on de tree top, 'fore rest' of de worl' get stirred.
Madam, she was tol' us about it, den start off so quiet and low,
An' sing lak de bird on de morning, de poor leetle small oiseau.

Remember van tam I be sleepin' jus' onder some beeg pine tree
An' song of de robin vake me, but robin he don't see me,
Dere's not'ing for scarin' dat bird dere, he's feel all alone on de worl',

Wal, Ma-dam she mus' lissen lak dat to, w'en she was de Chambly girl.

'Cos how could she sing dat nice chanson, de sam as de bird I was hear,
Till I see it, de maple an' pine tree an' Richelieu ronnin' near.
Again I'm de leetle feller, lak young colt upon de spring,
Dat's jus' on de way I feel, me, w'en Ma-dam All-ba-nee sing.

An' affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak' noise mit it's han',
I suppose dey be t'inkin I'm crazy, dat mabby I don't onderstan'.
'Cos I sit on de chair ver' quiet, mese'f an' poor Jeremie,
An' I see dat hees eye it was cry too, jus' sam' way it go mit me.

Dere's rosebush outside on our garden, ev'ry spring it has got new nes',
But only one blue bird is buil' dere, I know heem from all de res',
But no matter de far she be flyin' away on de winter tam,
Back to her own leetle rosebush, she's coming' dere just de sam'.

We're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe cole on the winter too,

But de heart's "Canayen" on our boddy, an' dats
warm enough for two.
An' w'en All-ba-nee was got lonesom' for travel all
roun' de worl',
I hope she'll come home lak' de blue bird, an' again
be de Chambly girl.

DARKEY DIALECT

By

FRANCES LEEDOM HESS

DARKEY DIALECT

The "darkey" dialect does not depend solely for it's effect upon the pronunciation of the oddly spelled words. A great part must be accomplished by the voice. In fact this statement includes all dialects. The "darkey" intonation, however, is very distinct, and one lapse into a "white" voice spoils the entire illusion.

It is a difficult matter to describe voice effects, but one or two suggestions may be helpful. One quality of the "darkey" voice is the ever present drawl especially noticeable in the "a" sounds. Such words as days, watah, dahk, etc. Do not misunderstand; a prolonged "a" is not always correct, the sense must influence the sound also. The slide in the voice is absolutely essential. The first word of a sentence may begin on a high key, and gradually descend until the final word is on a low pitch. The opposite also is true. The darkey, pictured in stories is generally of the old southern type; they were very emotional and their voices very responsive and the almost constant change of pitch gave a musical quality to the tone.

There are some laws about the pronunciation, which can be followed fairly closely. The "r" is always "ah"; final "g" silent; the 'h" sound is added

to the word "it" making it "hit". Dis hyeah" is pronounced together as if it were one word; a final "y" is generally very soft with the slightest accent on the first part of the word; "mammy" and "frien'ly" serve to illustrate.

The dialect as written by Paul Lawrence Dunbar and by Booth Tarkington in "Seventeen" seems to be as accurately spelled as it could possibly be. The student should study the sounds carefully, remembering that while the words must be soft and flowing, they must be distinct enough for the audience to catch every sound, for we assume that all dialect is unfamiliar and consequently care must be taken to convey the story clearly.

In teaching this dialect I have frequently noted that the tendency of the pupil, in his endeavor to get the soft, thick quality of speech, is to pronounce the words midway back in the middle. One should enunciate well forward, articulate slowly and in this way cultivate the clearness and drawl.

WADIN' IN DE CRICK

From "A Plantation Portrait"

By

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

Courtesy of
DODD MEAD & CO.

WADIN' IN DE CRICK

Days git wa'm an' wa'mah,
Schools gits mighty dull,
Seems lak dese hyeah teachahs
Mus' feel mussiful.
Hookey's wrong, I know it
Ain't no gent'man's trick;
But de aih's a-callin'
" Come on to de crick".

Dah de watah's gu'glin'
Ovah shiny stones,
Des hit's ve'y singin'
Seems to sooth yo' bones.
W'at's de use o' waitin',
Go on good an' quick;
Dain't no fun lak dis hyeah
Wadin' in de crick.

W'at dat jay-b'ud sayin'?
Bettah shet yo' haid,
Fus' t'ing dat you fin' out,
You'll be layin' daid.
Jay-bu'd's sich a tattlah,
Des seem lak his trick
Fu' to tell on folkses
Wadin' in de crick.

Willer boughs a-bendin'
Hidin' of de sky.
Wavin' kin' o' frien'ly
Ez de win' go by,
Elum trees a-shinin',
Dahk an, green an' thick,
Seem to say, "I see yo' "
Wadin' in de crick.

But de trees don' chattah,
Dey des look an' sigh
Lak hit's kin' o' peaceful
Des a'bein' nigh,
An' yo' t'ank yo' Mastah
Dat dey trunks is thick
W'en yo' mammy fin's yo'
Wadin' in de crick."

Den yo' run behin' dem
Lak yo' scaihed to def,
Mammy come a-flyin',
Mos' nigh out o' bref;
But she set down gentle
An' she drap huh stick,
An' fus' t'ing, dey's mammy
Wadin' in de crick.

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